

JULY 10, 1978

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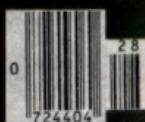
TIME

EXCLUSIVE
An Interview
With The
President

What Bakke Means

Quotas:
No

Race:
Yes



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 **ALCOA**

A Letter from the Publisher

There have been numerous occasions in TIME's 55 years of publication when the editors wished that the magazine could have several covers. This was such a week. The Supreme Court's historic ruling on the Allan Bakke case was at the top of the news, but two other subjects provided the grist for major stories.

One was an interview with Jimmy Carter conducted by TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian. Moving casually from his Executive study to the high-hedged patio outside, Carter answered questions about the direction and depth of his leadership at a time when opinion polls reveal increasing public dissatisfaction. Says Ajemian: "Carter seemed very durable, never exasperated. Even with long, detailed explanations, he speaks in perfect sentences. There is a precision to his talk that doesn't really hit you until you look back over a transcript of his conversation."

A second was the report on Cuba by TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, who spent eleven days on the island. Talbott gathered notes on the Soviet presence, spoke with Cubans about Africa, and met with Fidel Castro for 2½ hours



Bureau Chief Ajemian; Correspondents Talbott and Gorey

of freewheeling discussion. "Most heads of state I've encountered seem weighted down by their jobs," reports Talbott. "Not the Cuban Premier. He obviously has a lot of fun being Fidel Castro—and he does it well."

But the week's most important story originated with a 38-year-old white engineer's petition to enter a California medical school. For 18 months, TIME's Hays Gorey, our principal Washington correspondent on the story, had collected information about Bakke's lawsuit. He also interviewed dozens of high-ranking officials involved with affirmative-action and other civil rights programs. When the Supreme Court's ruling came, it seemed more significant to Gorey for what it did not answer than for what it did. Reflects Gorey: "Before the Bakke ruling, the question was how America could remedy the effects of past discrimination without indulging in present and future discrimination. And that is still the question." This week's cover story, written by Edwin Warner and researched by Raissa Silverman, offers some answers in the new climate of the Bakke decision.

Jack Meyer

Index

Cover: Photographic illustration by Fred Burrell; Bakke photograph by Brimmer—Echave Associates.



8
Cover: Ruling 5 to 4, the Supreme Court finds a middle ground in the sensitive Bakke case. It gives something to everybody, outlawing strict racial quotas but permitting race to be considered in college admissions policies. See NATION.



32
World: Amid continued Israeli-Arab stalemate on the future of the West Bank and Gaza, TIME offers its own solution. ▶ A firsthand look at the export of Castro's revolution. ▶ Aftermath of another Rhodesian massacre.



18
Carter: In a TIME interview, Jimmy Carter defends his handling of the presidency. He also assesses his Administration's record, the economy, Government spending, and prickly relations with Congress. See NATION.

20
Nation
Soviets charge two American reporters with slander. ▶ The Supreme Court saves Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal.

45
Education
The Rev. Jesse Jackson's message for black students: "If you're behind in the game, what do you do? Try harder."

51
Economy & Business
Carter battles the Steiger amendment to lower capital gains taxes. ▶ Executive security is now a growth industry.

58
Music
Manhattan's New-port Jazz Festival celebrates its 25th anniversary with jazz from old New Orleans to the latest fusion.

66
Medicine
The number of medical school applicants declines sharply this year. ▶ Removed spleens are "born again."

68
Behavior
The Pentagon is spending huge sums on psychological studies to adapt human and animal behavior to military use.

70
Religion
Billy Graham's finances. ▶ Andrew Greeley on *Everything You Wanted to Know About the Catholic Church*.

74
Essay
Nobel Laureate Albert Camus, long out of favor in France, is making a comeback, sparked by his anti-terrorist views.

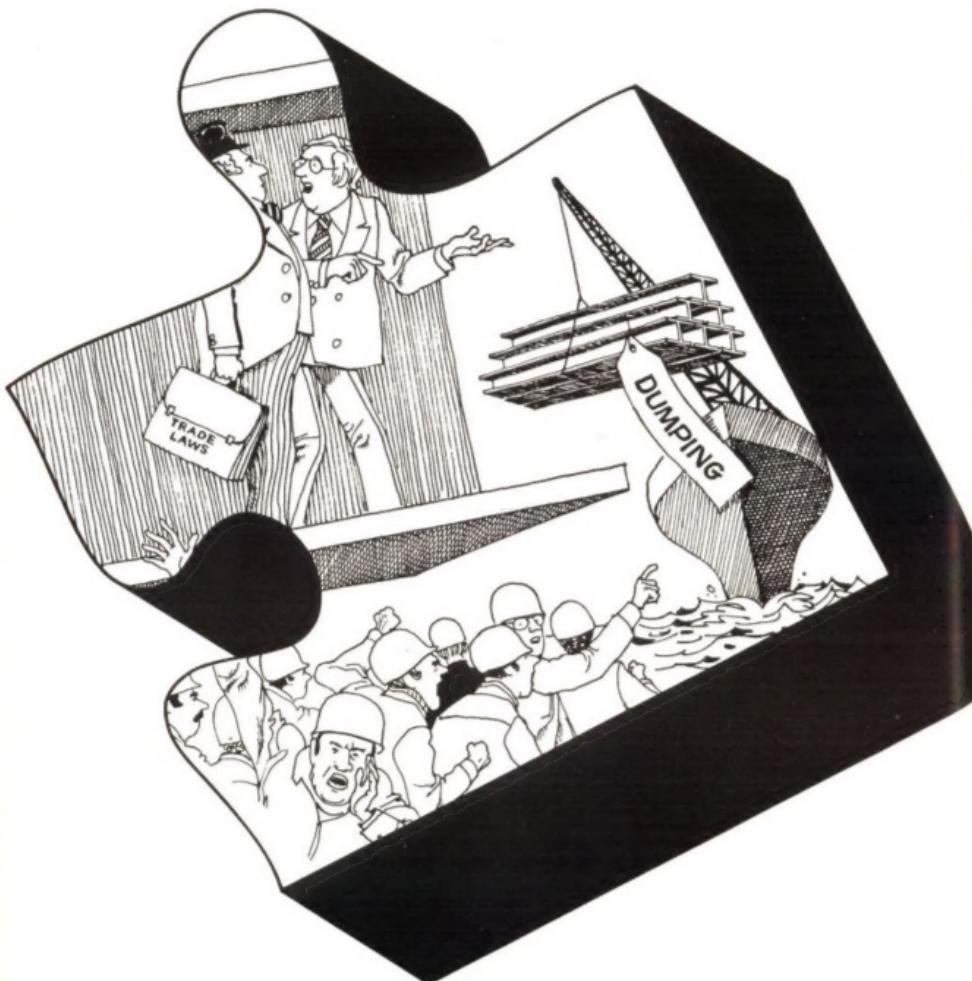
76
Art
In the curious sculpture of Mary Frank, clay figures become human landscapes that invoke myth and metamorphosis.

78
Cinema
The dog days may really be here: two new films attempt to imitate their elders, but don't even come close.

84
Press
Washington's press corps rates the capitalist's star journalists, and finds that the giants have shrunk.

4 Letters
46 Milestones
48 People
73 Law
80 Books

Vigorous enforcement of existing jobs for steelworkers -- and for a



**Fair play in steel trade:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle**

trade laws can save lot of other Americans, too.

America's existing trade laws were designed to encourage *fair* trade between our nation and others... and also to prevent damage to *any* domestic industry caused by *unfair* trade practices.

One of America's trade laws states that it's illegal for a foreign producer to sell his product in the U.S. at a price *below* his full cost of production.

That's called "dumping." And that's what foreign steel producers have been doing in recent years. "Dumping" their products in the U.S.—in order to keep their plants running, their people employed. What they do, in effect, is export their unemployment to the U.S.

But "dumping" is not just a steel industry problem. That illegal practice affects many American industries and many hundreds of thousands of workers.

One answer: enforce the existing trade laws

Free trade, yes. But *fair*. We don't think any American industry is asking for too much when it demands *fair play* here in our own country. When it asks our government for vigorous and effective enforcement of existing laws.

Trigger pricing

One attempt to achieve fair

play for America's steel industry is the trigger price mechanism implemented by the Administration.

Objectives of the mechanism are (1) to monitor the prices of steel imports into the U.S. and (2) to initiate accelerated anti-dumping investigations of imports priced below the trigger price mechanism.

To be effective, the mechanism must reflect the *full* cost of the foreign producer for steel landed in the U.S. If it does not, it will not really eliminate the unfair trade practice of "dumping."

Still needed: U.S. tariffs on steel

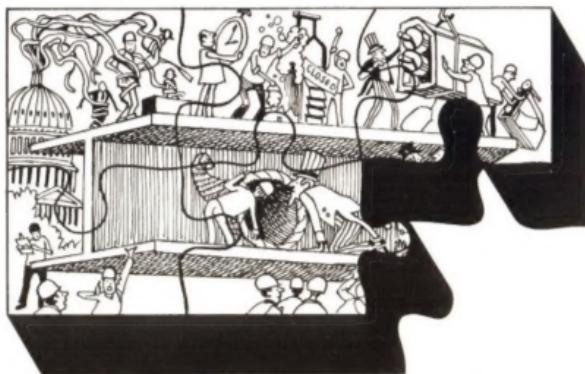
Regardless of the ultimate impact of the trigger price mecha-

nism, we believe that existing U.S. tariffs on steel should be retained. These tariffs are an element of moderation in the international arena for steel trade. They must be maintained until such time as fair and nondiscriminatory world trade in steel has been achieved.

Washington must help

Unfair trade practices, such as "dumping," benefit foreign products and foreign workers at the expense of our own. If you believe the U.S. government should enforce U.S. laws to stop such unfair practices, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem

In search of solutions



Letters

Tax Revolt

To the Editors:

The passage of Proposition 13 in California is beyond any doubt the political event of the century, and Howard Jarvis [June 19] has proved himself a leader to be reckoned with.

I nominate him to lead a crusade for constitutional fiscal restraints on our spendthrift, irresponsible, inept Congress.

William C. Morrison Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The voters of California have spoken all right, but "tax revolt" is a little too noble-sounding for this irresponsible initiative. Given the opportunity, "the will of the people" would probably be to eliminate all taxes. Let's not make heroes out of selfish, ignorant voters.

Paul Bollwinkel
Fair Oaks, Calif.



The tax revolt is just what the doctor ordered for a chronic case of national fiscal obesity. We've finally realized that the way to control the Government monster is to cut back on its diet of our money.

Dick Scar
Buena Vista, Colo.

The voters of California would not have had to use a meat ax on the tax structure if the politicians and bureaucrats had not been using a scoop shovel to distribute tax money.

Clem Stretcher
Joseph, Ore.

By all means, let's return to those thrilling days of yesteryear ... 1932-37 ... few taxes and low assessments. Ahhhh, the good old days! Horse biscuits!

Frank Horcayo
Glendale, Ore.

California's tax-relief measure will ultimately fail—not because of the quality of the idea itself, but because the original opponents of the measure are now the

ones asked to implement it. Essential, rather than nonessential services will be the first to be cut and the I-told-you-soers will soon begin their chorus.

Lawrence A. Brown
Chester, N.H.

Unless rents are cut proportionally to reflect the landlords' lower tax bills, it is possible that you will see the first statewide renters' strike in the nation's history.

Peter Rodman
Davis, Calif.

An M.D. for Solzhenitsyn?

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's honorary degree from Harvard [June 19] should have been a Doctor of Medicine rather than a Doctor of Letters. He has diagnosed America's illness and prescribed the proper treatment.

Bill Marden
Madison, Wis.

Perhaps the younger generation in the Soviet Union has not suffered enough to develop that intense spiritual development of which Solzhenitsyn speaks. Otherwise why are so many of them willing to risk arrest for their materialism by exchanging icons or other family heirlooms for blue jeans, pantyhose or albums of "intolerable music" by the Rolling Stones?

Thalice Goodridge
Rockport, Me.

West Bank Conflict

It's so "nice" to see in your story "West Bank: The Cruelest Conflict" [June 19] how much you care about the "poor, dispossessed and abused" Palestinians. What about the hundreds of thousands of Jews who were forced to leave their homes in the Arab states? Have Jews become blind and insensitive to the suffering of others? No, they are only insensitive to murderers who want to destroy them. Let the Arabs, with their billions of petrodollars, resettle the "poor" Palestinians where they belong—in the Arab states.

Lee Walzer
Glencoe, Ill.

Though the occupation may be, as Israel argues, "as benign as such a military operation can be," it was encouraging to have the article present the other side of the coin—the implications and ramifications of the emotionally debilitating presence of the Israeli occupation troops.

It is about time the Palestinian people are seen as feeling human beings whose homeland and basic rights have been blatantly denied.

Catherine G. Kelly
Bartram Springs, N.C.

Yes, we Jews are tormented by the past, troubled by the present and fearful of the future. After 2,000 years of per-

secution, we have every right to these feelings. They were instilled in us by the so-called Western civilization. After reading your biased account, my fears for Jewry and Israel are greater than before.

Al Lewis
Sharon, Mass.

My husband, a Palestinian Arab and naturalized American citizen, visited his homeland in 1976, and was subjected to indignities at the hands of the "democratic" state of Israel. Surely there will be no end to the Palestinian resistance without an end to the occupation.

Mrs. Abdulateef Habayeb
Wabash, Ind.

Storytelling

Jay O'Callahan has told several of his stories to my students, and to your excellent article on how he has revived the art of storytelling [June 19] I can add only one detail. Jay is the master of his craft. He not only makes storytelling look easy, but he puts his listeners in touch with their own stories within themselves.

Bradford L. Harding
Peirce School
West Newton, Mass.

God's Little Oversight?

Do the Mormons [June 19] really, seriously and conscientiously believe that God, after all these years, finally decided to inform their leader, "Hey, I forgot to tell you something. It's O.K. to have black ministers now."

It's inconceivable, even with the most naive faith, to accept the fact that God sold out the black race until the year 1978. It's far easier to believe that the Mormon creed did just that.

Michael T. Quigley
Denver

The Mormon Church never found it easy to deny the priesthood to blacks. The revelation extending this privilege brought joy to the entire church. Such a reaction is hardly that of a group of racists "abandoning racism."

Michael A. Price
Rio Dell, Calif.

Insurance

Until a man ran through a yield sign and severely damaged my car, I also held the attitude that insurance companies are apt to penalize the claimants [June 19].

I was amazed, however, at the number of people who advised me to make claims for items beyond restoring my car. Even though I borrowed a car from a relative, I was told I should be paid for the use of another car. I was also told I should put in a claim for my suffering (I was paid for my doctor bills).

The question can legitimately be asked, as with the chicken and the egg:

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What caused the problem? Was it the companies' reluctance to pay off or was it the dishonesty of some claimants?

John Genung
Claremont, Calif.

Pan, Satan or Satyr

In your review of Cartoonist Edward Sorel's *Superpen* [June 19], you state that Woody Allen is depicted as Satan.

Surely, Mr. Sorel intended Woody Allen to represent a creature known in Greek mythology as a satyr. Or maybe Pan, the great god of nature. Either would have been more applicable than comparing him to the devil. Come on now—Woody Allen the incarnation of evil?

Michelle A. Ott
Buffalo

The devil is usually depicted standing, long tail in evidence (spear on end) and pitchfork in hand. His horns are curved, and while he has hoofs, he does not have hairy legs. When a horned god sits on a rock, reed pipe in hand, and displays hirsute lower extremities and straight horns, he is the shy god Pan.

Eleanor Crook
New York City

The Cost of Sweetness

I don't get it! Price fixing in the uranium market is illegal. But with the blessings of Frank Church and one-third of his Senate colleagues, 13,000 sugar farmers [June 12] are going to do essentially the same thing. I imagine that if Senator Church were queried about the interests of the average American, he would appropriately reply: "Let them eat cake!"

Michael Roane
Temple Hills, Md.

The 13,000-plus U.S. sugar farmers whom President Carter's advisers (and, apparently, TIME) are willing to assign to bankruptcy, produce 55% of this country's annual demand for sugar. They provide important protection for U.S. consumers against the instability of supply and wild price gyrations that characterize the world sugar market.

The price objective included in the bill that 33 of my Senate colleagues joined me in sponsoring is 2.4¢ per lb. above the price in the present program, which expires with this crop. Not by anyone's reckoning does the present support price cover the average cost of production in the U.S. Nor do today's world sugar prices meet production costs anywhere around the globe. Those factors, left unresolved, bode future shortages of a basic commodity vital to the U.S. food chain. We must maintain a domestic production capability.

Frank Church
U.S. Senator, Idaho
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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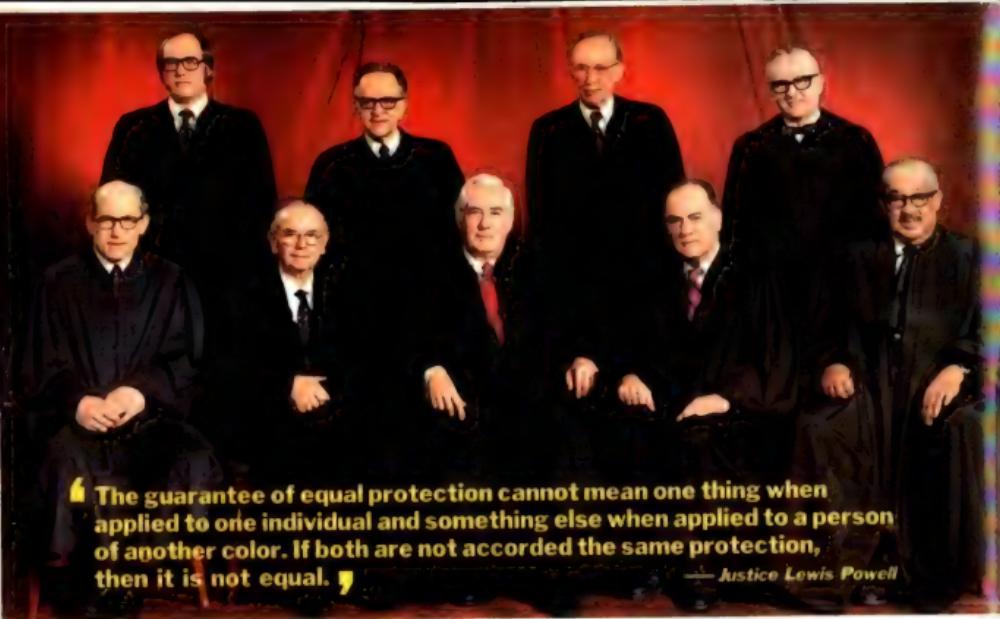
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The guarantee of equal protection cannot mean one thing when applied to one individual and something else when applied to a person of another color. If both are not accorded the same protection, then it is not equal.

— Justice Lewis Powell

Nation

TIME: JULY 10, 1978

COVER STORIES

Bakke Wins, Quotas Lose

But the divided Supreme Court endorses affirmative action based on race



Demonstrators outside Supreme Court

A prospect of endless litigation.

It had been heralded as the most important civil rights case since *Brown vs. Board of Education*, the 1954 ruling that outlawed racial segregation in the schools and ultimately in all of American life. The nation had moved far in 25 years, but the goal of equality had remained elusive, and the question now before the Supreme Court in the case of *Regents of the University of California vs. Bakke* seemed infinitely perplexing. Is it fair to give some preference to blacks over whites in order to remedy the evils of past discrimination?

Split almost exactly down the middle, the Supreme Court last week offered a Solomonic compromise. It said that rigid quotas based solely on race were forbidden, but it also said that race might legitimately be an element in judging students for admission to universities. It thus approved the principle of "affirmative action," the system by which the Government is pressuring U.S. universities, corporations and other institutions to provide



Allan Bakke after learning of victory

A private man with vast determination.

more jobs and better pay for millions of blacks, other minorities and women. Despite a flurry of protest demonstrations by militants, most observers praised the court for a cautious but astute effort at reconciling conflicting forces—but they also foresaw many future conflicts in the actual carrying out of the court's new edict.

The momentous decision came quietly, for it is never known exactly when the court will hand down an historic ruling. One traditional clue, though, is the appearance of the Justices' wives, so there was a rustle of anticipation in the crowded courtroom just before 10 last Wednesday morning at the sight of Cecelia Marshall, Marjorie Brennan, Mary Ann Stewart and Elizabeth Stevens. The wives had arrived.

At exactly 10, Chief Justice Warren Burger stepped from behind the red velvet curtains and entered the courtroom. Eight other black-robed Supreme Court Justices followed as the marshal of the court sang out: "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" and invoked the blessing of God on the "United States and this honorable court." The Justices seemed more solemn than usual.

Burger began by asking Potter Stewart to announce a routine decision on a pensions benefit case, then announced a minor decision himself. Finally it came, third on the list: Case No. 76-811, *Regents of the University of California vs. Bakke*. As a hush enveloped the courtroom, Associate Justice Lewis Powell, a frail, bespectacled Virginian, began to speak in an emotionless monotone: "Perhaps no case in my memory has had so much media coverage. We speak today with a notable lack of unanimity. I will try to explain how we divided."

He thereupon declared that the court had ruled in favor of Allan Bakke, 38, the California engineer who so desperately wanted to be a doctor and would now finally have his opportunity. In a 5-to-4 decision, the court affirmed the lower-court order admitting him to medical school at the University of California at Davis, because its special admissions program for minorities had violated Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Powell said that quotas based entirely on race, in situations where no previous discrimination had been found, were illegal. But a majority of the court also declared 5 to 4 that a university could continue to take race into consideration in admissions.

Bakke was not a sweeping decision resounding with memorable phrases. But by ruling narrowly and indeed delicately, the court had apparently succeeded in finding a middle ground between stridently opposed forces on the deeply emotional issue of "reverse discrimination." If no hosannas were being sung in the streets, there were widespread sighs of relief. The court had accomplished the near impossible: it had handed down a decision that would partly satisfy most people and strongly dissatisfy only a few. It was an ex-



"He's signaling 'Illegal procedure—the affirmatives still have the ball'

ercise in judicial pragmatism in the tradition of a politically aware, not overly ideological court. The decision is an "act of judicial statesmanship," said Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz. "The decision will go down in history not for what it did but for what it didn't do." Added his colleague Paul Freund: "The very fact that it is somewhat fuzzy leaves room for development, and on the whole that's a good thing."

The key swing vote in the decision, the man squarely in the middle, was Powell, who was never that sure he wanted to be a judge in the first place. Quiet, scholarly, wistful and widely respected for his legal acumen, he agreed in part with two different groups within the court. He accepted a portion of the opinion of the four Justices who upheld the California Supreme Court decision in favor of Bakke: Burger, William Rehnquist, John Paul Stevens



Black leaders at post-Bakke press conference. At center, Jordan, Hooks, Jackson
Neither victory nor defeat, but a possibility for blacks and whites to work together

and Potter Stewart. He also sided in part with the four Justices who decided against Bakke: William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, Thurgood Marshall and Byron White. He thus ended by writing the critical opinion for a sharply divided court.

Writing six different opinions totaling 154 pages, the Justices were as torn by the issue as was the rest of the nation. The case had attracted 61 *amicus curiae* briefs, the most that had ever been submitted in the history of the court. "The Justices really agonized," said an inside observer. Three times the opinions were sent to the printer only to be pulled back for additions, deletions and revisions. The version finally made public was the fourth. Blackmun, in particular, had trouble making up his mind. Though he and Burger have often been paired as the Nixon-appointed and conservatively inclined "Minnesota twins," he decisively parted with his colleague on this issue.

At one point during deliberations the Justices considered holding the case over until the next term, which begins in October. Some of them were dissatisfied with the records from the lower court. Key questions, they felt, had not been answered because they had not been asked. But on considering the matter, the Justices thought they might look foolish if they postponed their decision in a case of such urgency. Said an observer: "They were worried about the public perception of the court if it failed to deal with Bakke now."

They had another reason not to delay: they had already done so once before. TIMF has learned that the court had a majority ruling in favor of Marco DeFunis, the white applicant who claimed that he was refused admission to the University of Washington law school on grounds of race. Since he was subsequently admitted to the school, the Justices decided to avoid the issue by declaring the case *moot*. But to duck the issue again would leave the court open to

How the Justices Disagreed

Highlights of the Supreme Court opinions:

Justice Powell, for the majority:

The guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment [are] explicit: "No state . . . shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The guarantee of equal protection cannot mean one thing when applied to one individual and something else when applied to a person of another color. If both are not accorded the same protection, then it is not equal . . . Petitioner [the University of California] urges us to adopt for the first time a more restrictive view of the Equal Protection Clause and hold that discrimination against members of the white "majority" cannot be suspect if its purpose can be characterized as "benign." The clock of our liberties, however, cannot be turned back to 1868. It is far too late to argue that the guarantee of equal protection to all persons permits the recognition of special wards entitled to a degree of protection greater than that accorded others.

It may not always be clear that a so-called preference is in fact benign . . . Preferential programs may only reinforce common stereotypes holding that certain groups are unable to achieve success without special protection . . . There is [also] a measure of inequity in forcing innocent persons in [Bakke's] position to bear the burdens of redressing grievances not of their making . . .

The State certainly has a legitimate and substantial interest in ameliorating or eliminating where feasible the disabling effects of identified discrimination . . . In the school cases, the States were required by court order to redress the wrongs worked by specific instances of racial discrimination. That goal was far more focused than the remedying of the effects of "societal discrimination," an amorphous concept of injury that may be ageless in its reach into the past. We have never approved a classification that aids persons perceived as members of relatively victimized groups at the expense of other innocent individuals in the absence of judicial, legislative or administrative findings of constitutional or statutory violations.

Justice Stevens (with the concurrence of Justices Burger, Stewart and Rehnquist):

Section 601 of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 provides:

"No person in the United States shall, on the ground of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in . . . any program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance."

The University, through its special admissions policy, excluded Bakke from participation in its program of medical education because of his race. The University also acknowledges that it was, and still is, receiving federal financial assistance. The plain language of the statute therefore requires affirmation of the judgment below [for Bakke].

Justices Brennan, White, Marshall and Blackmun:

[Our judicial differences] should not and must not mask the central meaning of today's opinions: Government may take race into account when it acts not to demean or insult

any racial group but to remedy disadvantages cast on minorities by past racial prejudice . . .

Our Nation was founded on the principle that "all men are created equal." Yet candor requires acknowledgement that the Framers of our Constitution openly compromised this principle of equality with its antithesis: slavery . . . It is well to recount how recent the time has been, if it has yet come, when the promise of our principles has flowered into the actuality of equal opportunity for all regardless of race or color . . .

Claims that law must be "color-blind" or that the datum of race is no longer relevant to public policy must be seen as aspiration rather than as description of reality. This is not to denigrate aspiration; for reality rebukes us that race has often been used by those who would stigmatize and oppress minorities. Yet we cannot . . . let color blindness become myopia which masks the reality that many "created equal" have been treated as inferior . . .

On the basis of the undisputed factual submissions before this Court, Davis had a sound basis for believing that the problem of underrepresentation of minorities was substantial and chronic and that the problem was attributable to handicaps imposed on minority applicants by past and present racial discrimination . . . The Davis program does not simply advance less qualified applicants; rather, it compensates applicants, whom it is uncontested are fully qualified to study medicine.

Justice Blackmun:

It is worth noting, perhaps, that governmental preference has not been a stranger to our legal life. We see it in veterans' preferences. We see it in aid-to-the-handicapped programs. We see it in the progressive income tax . . .

I suspect that it would be impossible to arrange an affirmative action program in a racially neutral way and have it successful. To ask that this be so is to demand the impossible. In order to get beyond racism, we must first take account of race. There is no other way. And in order to treat some persons equally, we must treat them differently.

Justice Marshall:

During most of the past 200 years, the Constitution, as interpreted by this court, did not prohibit the most ingenious and pervasive forms of discrimination against the Negro. Now, when a State acts to remedy the effects of that legacy of discrimination, I cannot believe that this same Constitution stands as a barrier.

In light of the sorry history of discrimination and its devastating impact on the lives of Negroes, bringing the Negro into the mainstream of American life should be a state interest of the highest order . . . The racism of our society has been so pervasive that none, regardless of wealth or position, has managed to escape its impact. The experience of Negroes in America is not merely the history of slavery alone, but also that a whole people were marked inferior by the law. And that mark has endured. The dream of America as the great melting pot has not been realized for the Negro; because of his skin color, he never even made it into the pot . . .



Bakke in a week of pressure: driving back from work to home in Los Altos, Calif.; picking apricots from tree

charges of shirking its responsibility.

In a public display of their tortuous deliberations, an unusually large number of Justices decided to explain their positions in court. Only three—Burger, Rehnquist and White—did not speak. Stevens, the court's newest member, crisply stated why Bakke had won. The court did not decide on constitutional ground. Stevens emphasized. The decision had been based on Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits racial discrimination in any program receiving federal funds. Said Stevens: "It is an unusually clear, color-blind statute."

The court's only black Justice, Marshall, was the last to speak. Though he normally comments in subdued tones from the bench, the longtime civil rights fighter leaned toward the microphone and boomed out his thoughts. "The position of the Negro today in America is tragic," he said gravely. "I'm talking about today." Marshall argued that the Bakke decision would perpetuate second-class citizenship for the Negro, consigning him to a shorter life, more poverty, less education, more unemployment than the white majority.

In his decisive opinion, Powell declared that the language against discrimination in Title VI is "majestic in its sweep," like that of the 14th Amendment. "No person in the United States," says Title VI, "shall, on the ground of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance."

Davis' special admissions program reserved 16 out of 100 places for disadvantaged minority students. In an attempt to demonstrate that this was not an unlawful discriminatory act, as Bakke had charged, the California regents argued that Davis was only pursuing a "goal" of greater minority representation. But this was a semantic distinction, said Powell, and beside the point. The program was "undeniably a classification based on race and ethnic background," and thus violated both Title VI and the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment.



Hiding behind paper bag

Powell rejected the regents' view that a quota is acceptable if it is "benign." He rejected the notion that the white majority has a right to discriminate against its own members. Strictly speaking, there is no such majority, he wrote, for the U.S. contains all kinds of ethnic groups that can claim varying degrees of past discrimination. If they were all assured a minimum number of places, the only "majority" left would be a "new minority of white Anglo-Saxons on Protestants." There is no way for a court to decide which of these groups merit "heightened judicial solicitude." Powell noted that Davis was unable to explain why it had singled out certain groups for special favor: Negroes, Mexican Americans and Asians.

Special programs, Powell continued, may only "reinforce common stereotypes," since they imply that certain groups need extra help to succeed in life. These efforts can also heighten racial tensions, because groups left out may become resentful. They will probably take little comfort in the fact that they are being deprived only because they are in the white majority. "One should not lightly dismiss the inherent unfairness of a system of allocating benefits and privileges on the basis of skin color and ethnic origin."

Racial preference had been upheld by the court in previous cases involving school desegregation and discrimination in employment, Powell acknowledged. But in these cases, the court had acted in response to past discrimination, which was not the case at the newly founded Davis school.

Powell concluded his opinion by suggesting a way for Davis to correct its unconstitutional program. It should follow the admissions policies established in the 1960s at Harvard, which attempts to recruit a diverse student body without setting racial quotas (most U.S. colleges have similar programs). Race is a factor that is considered along with geographical location or athletic or artistic ability. Powell listed some

other qualities that might be considered: unique work or service experience, leadership potential, maturity, demonstrated compassion, a history of overcoming disadvantage. Race can help a student get into Harvard, he wrote, but by no means assures admission. The number of minority students varies from year to year (8.1% of the undergraduates admitted for the fall semester are black, 5.7% Asians, 4.6% Hispanic and 4% American Indians). Powell conceded that such a flexible program may be a subtle and sophisticated way of disguising a racial quota. But he presumed that a university would operate it on good faith. The "fatal flaw" in the Davis program, he wrote, was its "disregard of individual rights as guaranteed by the 14th Amendment."

In an opinion as long as Powell's, Brennan took a more sweeping view of past discrimination and of the measures needed to correct it. Citing the founding fathers' acceptance of slavery, he sketched a brief history of discrimination and concluded that racism has been too pervasive for Americans to try to disregard race today. "Against this background, claims that law must be color blind or that race is no longer relevant to public policy must be seen as aspiration rather than as description of reality. We cannot ... let color blindness become myopia."

In none of its cases, said Brennan, had



With daughter Lisa outside his home
Almost anything to avoid the press.

The Man in the Middle

When Richard Nixon nominated Lewis Franklin Powell Jr. to the Supreme Court in 1971, on his mind must have been something like General Pickett's exhortation to his troops before their ill-fated charge at Gettysburg: "Don't forget today that you are from Old Virginia." Powell's background as a First-Family-of-Virginia gentleman—his ancestors helped to settle Jamestown in 1607—seemed to match Nixon's desire to shift the court to a more conservative, strict-constructionist stance.

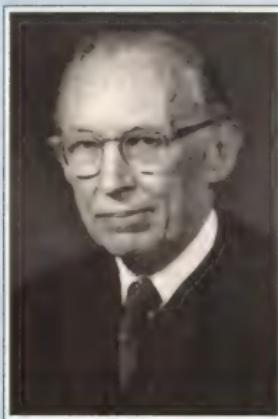
But once on the bench, Powell turned out to be far more flexible than Nixon had expected, and in fact has become one of the least predictable of the Justices. Before his nomination, Powell said in an article that Americans had little to fear from the Government's use of wiretaps against the "radical left." Once on the court, however, he wrote a ringing decision striking down Nixon's claim that the Government did not need a court order to bug suspected domestic security risks. Similarly, Powell once approvingly told the American Bar Association that the Supreme Court seemed to be moving away from usurping the authority of the Legislative Branch. But on the bench, he voted with the majority in a decision that not only legalized abortions but set forth unusually detailed guidelines on them.

Last year, when Powell provided the deciding vote in a 5-to-4 ruling upholding suspects' rights to legal counsel while being questioned by police, he was rebuked from the bench by Chief Justice Warren Burger. Burger waspishly declared that with "only one convert" the court might some day restore "rationality" by voting the other way.

Powell's position as the point man in what lawyers already are calling the "4-1-4" Bakke decision illustrates his propensity toward thoughtful moderation. "The key problem is one of balance," Powell once said, referring to the conflict between the rights of suspects and the need for law-and-order. Says J. Harvie Wilkinson, a professor at the University of Virginia Law School who once clerked for Powell: "By temperament, he tries to find common ground among varying points of view." Powell hates to be categorized as liberal or conservative. Says he: "Not one of us is a prisoner of blind prejudices."

With law degrees from both Washington and Lee (LL.B. '31) and Harvard (LL.M. '32), Powell practiced law for 35 years with one of Richmond's oldest firms. His politics were those of a patrician Virginia Democrat, though he often supported Republicans in national elections. As chairman of the Richmond school board in 1959, he won a hard-fought battle against the state's segregationists, who were urging massive resistance to the Supreme Court's ruling on school desegregation. As president of the American Bar Association in 1964-65, he persuaded colleagues to support legal aid for the poor.

Slender, bespectacled and scholarly, Powell, 70, works six days a week in his Supreme Court office and usually takes home briefs that he reads until past midnight. When the court recesses for the summer, he spends much of his time studying briefs in an office that he has in Richmond. In Washington, his favorite relaxations are dinner parties and watching the Washington Redskins; in his otherwise spartan law chambers, he has an autographed picture of Running Back Larry Brown. Powell also likes to go duck and quail hunting. At night his wife of 42 years, Josephine, sometimes reads histories, biographies or spy thrillers to him. They have four grown children, two of them lawyers. Powell is invariably soft-spoken and nonflamboyant. Even when, last week, he found himself in the catbird seat.



Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell
"The key problem is one of balance."

the Supreme Court ever ruled that the Constitution is color blind. It does not make sense, he declared, to try to eliminate the evil of racial discrimination and then forbid the remedies that are required to accomplish this. Congress avoided any "static definition of discrimination in favor of broad language that could be shaped by experience, administrative necessity and evolving judicial doctrine."

Brennan agreed that racial preference could not be condoned simply on the grounds that it was being undertaken for benign purposes. But he thought the Davis program for minority applicants was justified. It aimed to remedy "substantial and chronic underrepresentation" of minorities in the field of medicine. No proof is needed, said the Justice, to show that those who benefit from the program have been victims of discrimination. They fall within a "general class" of people who have suffered discrimination. Whites, it is true, are excluded from the program, but they are not stigmatized.

Brennan concluded that there was no practical alternative to the Davis program. Setting aside places for disadvantaged students without regard for race would not work. Whites would still outnumber blacks. Brennan could see no constitutional distinction between the Davis and Harvard programs. Putting it rather wryly, he said the only difference was that Davis was open about its racial-quota system, while Harvard more prudently achieved its racial balance in private. But there is no reason to prefer the Harvard program just because it "proceeds in a manner that is not immediately apparent to the public."

If it took Blackmun longer than the other Justices to reach a decision in the case, he expressed it all the more passionately in his separate opinion. He wrote that he would "yield to no one in my earnest hope that the time will come when an affirmative-action program is unnecessary and is only a relic of the past." But the slow pace of desegregation after *Brown vs. Board of Education* had convinced him that his hope is a "slim" one. He thought it was ironic that the injection of race into university admissions could cause such a disturbance, when preferences have always been given to "those possessed of athletic skills, to the affluent who may bestow their largesse on the institutions, and to those having connections with celebrities, the famous and the powerful." He concluded: "In order to get beyond racism, we must first take account of race."

What will be the impact of this painstakingly assembled Supreme Court decision? The only undeniable winner is Allan Bakke, who can enroll at Davis medical school this fall after his five-year battle. There is some speculation that he may give up this opportunity and remain an engineer at the Ames Research Center, a NASA laboratory where he has worked



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since 1967. But he insists that he plans to study medicine, and his attorney, Reynold Colvin, says his client is no social crusader. "He's a private man who felt that he'd been dealt with unfairly," says Colvin, who has advanced his client much of the cost of the long campaign. "He has stuck with it because it's his dream to become a doctor. He's a determined gentleman."

If a characteristic Caucasian male had to be invented, he would bear a close resemblance to Bakke. Just under 6 ft. tall and blue-eyed, Bakke has the looks of his Norwegian forebears. As the first faculty member to interview him at the Davis wrote, "He is a pleasant, mature person—tall and strong and Teutonic in appearance." Bakke was born in Minneapolis; his father was a mailman, his mother a teacher. He majored in engineering at the University of Minnesota, where he had close to an A average. After graduation he joined the Marines and spent seven months in Viet Nam as commander of an antiaircraft missile unit.

When he returned, he earned a master's degree in engineering at Stanford and went to work at Ames. But he grew fascinated with medicine as he studied the effects of space flight on the human body. In his spare time, he took a job as an unpaid hospital volunteer, handling the mangled victims of auto accidents and street brawls. In the fall of 1972 he applied to several medical schools, including Davis. Along with his solid academic record, he scored at the 90th percentile in most of his medical school admission tests. But he was turned down by every school, perhaps because he was relatively late in applying (there had been serious illness in the family), perhaps because he was already 33.

Told that he was almost accepted by Davis, he reappplied and wrote: "I know my motivation is as strong and honest toward a career in medicine as that of any applicant, more than of anyone else in the world." Once again he was rejected. He sued and won on appeal in the California Supreme Court. Throughout the pressures of the court battle, Bakke refused to be interviewed or have his picture taken. He even stayed away from his wife and two children at their home in Los Altos, Calif., if he thought he would encounter reporters. When photographers finally tracked him down last week, they found him up in a tree, picking apricots. And when one of his attorneys called to tell him of the Supreme Court decision, he was typically laconic. "Great," said Bakke. "You guys did it." Replied the attorney: "No, you did."

Was Bakke's victory a defeat for the nation's blacks? Some prominent blacks thought so. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, president of Chicago's Operation PUSH, considered the ruling a "devastating blow to our civil rights struggle, though not a fatal one. It is consistent with the country's shift to the right, a shift in mood from re-

demption to punishment." California Congressman Ron Dellums felt that "most Americans only want to know if Bakke won or lost. The fact that he won will underscore the attack on affirmative action. It is still alive and breathing, but with great difficulty."

Others took a more evenhanded view. N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Benjamin Hooks called the decision "a mixed bag, both a victory and a defeat." Coretta Scott King saw neither defeat nor victory, but warned that "the decision could be misinterpreted by people who want to use it to their own advantage. The people who were against us are going to take this as a signal." Vernon Jordan of the National Urban League denounced the outlawing of the Davis program, but he felt that the court's endorsement of race as an element in university admissions "should constitute a green light to go forward with ac-



Linda Brown in Topeka, Kans., in 1953

A goal of equality that remains elusive.

ceptable affirmative-action programs." Not all blacks, in fact, are comfortable with quotas, which seem to stigmatize them as second-class citizens in need of special remedies. Says Thomas Sowell, professor of economics at U.C.L.A.: "The message that comes through loud and clear is that minorities are losers who will never have anything unless someone gives it to them."

High Administration officials emphasized the hopeful possibilities, arguing that the court had approved what the Government was already doing. "This is the first time the Supreme Court has upheld affirmative action," said U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell after briefing President Carter. "and it has done it in about as strong a way as possible." H.W. Secretary Joseph Califano was equally emphatic. The decision, he said, "strongly supports this nation's continuing effort to live up to its historic promise—to bring minorities and other disadvantaged groups into the mainstream of American society through admissions policies that

recognize the importance of diverse, integrated educational institutions."

Many educational institutions have adopted affirmative-action programs without overt federal pressure, so there is no reason to expect them to abandon their efforts. (President David Saxon of the University of California system, which will now have to admit Bakke, managed to call the court's approval of affirmative action "a great victory for the university.") Stanford Political Scientist Seymour Martin Lipset believes that "racial quotas could become a sort of unwritten condition, like geographic quotas. Then race becomes subjective on the part of admissions directors, and minorities could be either more or less discriminated against. But in this day and age, minorities will probably get the advantage if left to subjective selection." Adds Norman Dorsen, board chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union: "Institutionally and practically, it is the school admissions officers and administrators who will be crucial in determining what the impact of the Bakke decision will be."

If not relying on quotas, universities may have to use more ingenuity in finding qualified minority students. "I think there has to be more active recruitment of minorities," says California Governor Jerry Brown. "Top management can't just go out and set up an affirmative-action program and then sit back and drink brandy and smoke cigars. They've got to put more energy into finding people and letting them know they truly want their school or profession to reflect the population at large." Joseph Ceithaml, admissions officer and dean of students at the Pritzker School of Medicine at the University of Chicago, thinks the "emphasis will be more on preparing minorities and building a pool of minority students to draw from. This may mean fewer accepted applicants among minorities in the next few years until the pool is built up."

Some believe the Bakke decision will make it easier for blacks and whites to work together on affirmative action. Says New York Senator Pat Moynihan: "A bureaucracy that says 'White teachers get in this line and blacks in this line,' threatens to break up the coalition that worked for affirmative action in the first place. The Bakke decision gets us back into a sensible mainstream idea of what affirmative action should be. Maybe now we can put the coalition back together."

The Bakke decision, some observers feel, is an appeal to treat people as individuals rather than as members of categories. Says Syracuse University Religion Professor Michael Novak: "I think that like a great aircraft carrier, the court changed direction, and only two or three degrees of that direction are apparent now. But I hope this means an increased respect for the fact that every individual has a history, and that history has some

Nation

relevance." Nathan Glazer, Harvard professor of education and author of *Affirmative Discrimination*, believes that "what the Supreme Court called for is human. It is asking for the kind of behavior any commonsensical human being would believe in."

Although the Supreme Court's ruling may have broad implications in all aspects of race relations, it deals specifically with university admissions. Powell's long decision did not directly address the equally fundamental issue of affirmative action with respect to jobs and promotions, areas in which quotas of various sorts are widespread (and widely disputed). Under a Labor Department program, for example, firms employing 50 or more people and receiving federal contracts of more than \$50,000 are given about five years to increase the number of minority employees until the percentage of these employees in the company matches their proportion in the surrounding population. Otherwise, the firms may lose their federal contracts.

Eleanor Holmes Norton, head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, confidently asserted last week that the Bakke decision would make no difference in the effort to achieve hiring and promotion goals. "My reading of the decision," she said, "is that we are not compelled to do anything differently from the way we've done things in the past, and we are not going to." Many businesses report that EEOC officials pressure them to hire additional women and members of minority groups but do not mention specific numbers. This means the companies have to estimate what numbers will satisfy the bureaucrats who administer the law. "It's like saying, 'Wrong, guess again,'" observes an industrial relations official at a company that must deal with eleven affirmative-action officials, each with his own set of goals.

The Supreme Court will presumably have to deal with these conflicts, for several pending cases will test the Government's use of preferential treatment in employment. The Communications Workers of America have petitioned the Supreme Court to review a costly agreement between the Federal Government and American Telephone and Telegraph Co. By setting ambitious goals for the promotion of women and minorities, the Government violated seniority rights as well as the 14th Amendment, the union charges. In another case, California building contractors have sued to overturn a requirement of the Public Works Employment Act of 1977 that 10% of the federal grants go to minority businesses. A U.S. district court ruled that the provision was a violation of both the 14th Amendment and Title VI. Wrote Judge A. Andrew Hauk: "Affirmative action and goals are permissible, race quotas are not. It is as simple as that." Suits have also been brought challenging the federal program



Attorney General Bell praises Bakke ruling
A need for ingenuity in recruiting

that establishes goals for employment minorities by federal contractors. In the case of *Weber vs. Kaiser Aluminum*, an applicant sued Kaiser and his union for excluding him from a job-training program in which half the openings were reserved for minorities. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled in Weber's favor.

Some experts criticized the Supreme Court for not coming to grips with these problems as part of the Bakke ruling. "It was a landmark occasion, but the court failed to produce a landmark decision."



University of California President Saxon
No time to drink brandy and smoke cigars

said Yale Law Professor Bruce Ackerman. The key weakness in the court's ruling, he added, was the failure to define what proof of past discrimination would be needed to justify preferential treatment. "The question that wasn't talked about is: What is the role of numbers in proving past discrimination? Do you have to show actual intent to discriminate, or is the fact that there are no blacks in the work force enough? There is a body of law on this issue, but it is confusing and obscure. We have not heard the last word on this by any means."

Virtually everyone acknowledges that the issue is far from settled. Litigation will continue, perhaps at a faster pace. The Supreme Court has not stopped something," says former U.S. Solicitor General Robert Bork, who now teaches law at Yale. "It has started something. Probably more white males will be tempted to file suit against affirmative-action programs on the grounds that they are really hidden quota systems. Appropriately, Bakke Attorney Colvin is already anticipating such cases. "What about Bakke Junior?" he asks. "What about the student who comes along and questions the application of the program? If they can assign 50 points to minority status for admission, why can't they assign 500 points?"

This prospect of endless litigation is not appealing. "Litigation is a terrible way of solving complicated social issues," says David Riesman, Harvard professor of social sciences. "What I fear we are facing now is full employment for lawyers, as the rising sense of entitlement among groups and individuals takes hold with more bitterness at all levels." On the other hand, it can be said that this argument and redefinition is essential to the gradual resolution of race relations in America. It is a process that demands of both whites and blacks that they fight for their interests, individually as well as collectively, in the courtroom as well as the marketplace and the voting booth.

In some ways, perhaps, the Bakke case failed to live up to its advance billing. It did not provide a decisive answer to a burning question. It did not say thus far and no further. For some, such caution is a sign of indecisiveness, a reluctance to confront major problems. But confidence on the part of the court is often well advised. The Supreme Court may not be following the election returns, as is often charged, but it is attentive to political reality, the art of the possible in a society of great numbers of competing and often conflicting groups. Blacks remain free to continue to press for greater representation in schools and jobs; the minorities that make up the white majority are free to continue to assert their needs as well. Many more Bakke-like cases are sure to follow, and none of them is likely to be final. In an evolving democratic society, there are, inevitably, no final answers. ■

The Tale of Title VII

While the Bakke decision does not specifically apply to jobs and promotions, that is perhaps the most tangled and controversial area of affirmative-action programs, and the lower courts have had a hard time dealing with the problem.

John F. Kennedy was the first President to call for "affirmative steps," in Executive Order 10925, issued in 1961. With that measure barring job discrimination among contractors doing business with the Federal Government, Kennedy recognized that desegregation would take more than the mere absence of overt bias among contractors. So Washington told contractors on federal projects actively to recruit minorities and encourage their promotion.

A different, broader meaning was given to affirmative action by the historic 1964 Civil Rights Act, the first significant federal effort to outlaw employment discrimination in private industry. Title VI of this law barred discrimination in federally funded universities and other programs, and Title VII barred it in jobs. Using what courts have called color-blind language, the act made it unlawful for any employer "to fail or refuse to hire or to discharge any individual or otherwise to discriminate ... because of such individual's race, color, religion, sex, or national origin."

The Senate sponsors of the Civil Rights Act insisted that it provided only for equal opportunity, not racial preference or balance. Said the late Senator Hubert Humphrey: "Title VII does not require an employer to achieve any sort of racial balance in his work force by giving preferential treatment to any individual or group." Added Senator Harrison A. Williams Jr.: "An employer with only white employees could continue to have only the best-qualified persons even if they were all white."

When violations of Title VII occur, federal courts are authorized to "order such affirmative action as may be appropriate," including reinstatement of employees, and back pay. In general, the doctrine has been that judicially imposed affirmative-action remedies—including racial hiring quotas—are appropriate only when employers have been found guilty of discrimination.

One of the first orders requiring minority hiring goals to remedy discrimination involved the all-white Philadelphia construction trades. In 1969 the U.S. Labor Department established the "Philadelphia Plan," which provided for goals and timetables in minority recruitment in the Philadelphia building trades. The Contractors Association of Eastern Pennsylvania sued, charging that the plan was an unconstitutional quota system and that it violated the Title VII ban on discriminatory hiring. Not so, ruled the Third Circuit Court of Appeals in 1971, upholding the President's power to attack discrimination through use of preferential remedies. "Clearly the Philadelphia Plan is color-conscious," wrote Judge John Gibbons, but to strike the scheme down under Title VII the court "would have to attribute to Congress the intention to freeze the status quo and to fore-

close remedial action [to] overcome existing evils."

Next, a federal district court decided in the case of *Carter vs. Gallagher* that the Minneapolis fire department had unlawfully excluded racial minorities: of 535 department employees, none was black, Indian or Mexican American, although blacks constituted 6.44% of the Minneapolis population. Armed with these statistics, the court ordered "absolute minority preference" in employment until an additional 20 minority members had been hired by the department. "Such a procedure does not constitute a 'quota' system," argued the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in its 1972 review of the case, "because as soon as the trial court's order is fully implemented, all hiring will be on a racially nondiscriminatory basis." As in similar rulings involving law-enforcement agencies in Alabama, Chicago and Mississippi, the court justified this affirmative-action remedy as a method of "eliminating the effects of past racial discriminatory practices and of making meaningful in the immediate future the constitutional guarantees against racial discrimination."

The antidiscrimination mandate of Title VII led courts to focus on the qualifications required of prospective employees. In a sweeping 1971 decision in *Griggs vs. Duke*

vs. Power Co., the Supreme Court struck down a North Carolina power company's requirements of a high school education and general aptitude tests, because these requirements screened out a disproportionate number of blacks. Title VII says that ability tests are permitted if they are not "designed, intended or used" to discriminate because of race, color, sex, or national origin. As the court interpreted this requirement in *Griggs*, "If an employment practice which operates to exclude Negroes cannot be shown to be related to job performance, the practice is prohibited."

Griggs approved guidelines issued by the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission requiring elaborate and expensive "validation" studies on the relevance of any hiring standards that screen out minorities or women. In keeping with those guidelines, courts have barred the use of arrest and conviction records as grounds for rejecting applicants from some jobs, because minorities from high crime areas are arrested on suspicion more frequently than whites. And they have held that employers have the burden of proving they are not discriminating when a statistical survey of their employees reveals a very low representation of minority groups and women compared with the available labor force and population.

With the support of the courts in these broad interpretations of Title VII affirmative action, the EEOC and other federal agencies have pressed employers to agree to sex and minority hiring goals "voluntarily," that is, without forcing the agencies to resort to the federal courts or withdrawals of federal funds. Employers are required only to make a good-faith effort, not to treat the goals as mandatory quotas. As the yellow booklet of EEOC guidelines warns employers, "The most important part of an affirmative-action program is its RESULTS."



Seattle building workers demonstrate over black job-training program
Should a police record hinder someone getting a job?

An Interview with the President

"I am paying the price, but I am willing to do that"

These were difficult times. Yet another poll last week showed yet another drop in President Carter's popularity, with only 38% approving his performance in the White House. In official Washington, too, there was increasing skepticism about Carter's ability to govern effectively. How did the President himself feel he was faring amid these pervasive doubts about his leadership? In an exclusive interview with TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Aitman, the President considered a broad range of questions and provided some illuminating insights—and some answers:

The President was having an easy day. A few high-level visitors to deal with, no high-pressure meetings. During the afternoon, he stepped onto the stone terrace outside his office and sat at the round glass table where he often holds his weekly national security luncheons. It was hot and sticky, about 95°, but Carter kept his blue jacket buttoned, his red tie high on his collar. Only a few feet away his daughter Amy was taking her first diving lesson, and the sound of the slamming board passed through the hedge that enclosed the patio.

In person, Carter usually sounds more relaxed than he looks. Today his voice was soft and warm, but his eyes and manner were tense and alert. He has been going through a trying period during which he has been increasingly criticized as a leader who changes directions under fire, a man who allows too many policy voices and too many different signals to be heard. His laissez-faire style has left people uncertain about where the President stands. Lately he has been moving toward a more combative attitude.

Carter said he was undisturbed by the talk that his style was confusing. But he admitted that there was truth to the charge. "That confused image does exist," he said. "I acknowledge it." He decided at the outset of his term, he said, that the public had to be included in the decision-making process, especially after Watergate. "These tough negotiating points have never been debated in the American environment or American society before. In the long run foreign policy is more likely to be correctly determined, we are less likely to have serious



mistakes, if the public is part of the process. I am paying the price for it, but I am willing to do that."

Carter believes the days of springing decisions on the public without prior warning are over. "I think it's accurate to say," he noted of an accord Gerald Ford had made with the Soviets in 1974, "that when the Vladivostok agreement was reached there was almost a dearth of news about the negotiations. Only when the final agreement was signed was it revealed. All of a sudden you had an accomplished fact. Negotiating points were never understood by the American public or the Congress."

The President sees positive dividends in his approach. "We have gotten some successes we might not have had otherwise. The Senate never would have ratified the Panama Canal treaties if we hadn't gone public. This time a year ago only 8% were for them and 78% against." He had the same view about the Middle East. "We have strengthened our ties with the Arab moderates. There were some elements of a potential peace settlement that had never been publicly debated: Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories, a recognition of Palestinian rights. This public scrutiny is what led to congressional approval of the arms package." He paused. "Whether this same approach will apply to the Turkish arms embargo, I don't know."

The dissonant points of view that arise from this government-by-debate are,

nonetheless, confusing. One week National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski shouts at the Russians, and the next week Secretary of State Cyrus Vance cools things down. Administration officials say this is the President's tactical way of dealing with the Soviets: that Carter uses his aides to strike differing postures, deliberately keeping his own course ambiguous—and his opinions open. When the President wants to mute the voices, however, he does. "I don't think anyone who works with me," he said with obvious pride, "doubts that when the final judgment is to be made, I don't hesitate to make it."

What did Carter think about the charge that he had not reached enough for tested talent outside his circle of Georgians: "Well, I don't think it's an accurate description to say I am encapsulated or in an enclave and don't reach outside. The members of Congress confirm this: they say unanimously they have not had as much contact with the President or his top advisers or his Cabinet as they have with me. And I reach out to Congressmen because they represent the opinion and attitudes and perspective which cover the nation."

The President stood up and removed his jacket and put it over the back of a chair. Amy walked through the hedge in a wet swimsuit, her red-blond hair strung from the pool, and he pulled her to his side. She pressed against him as he continued talking about leadership, and finally broke away. Nothing distracted Carter. He caught the drift of a question almost before it was phrased, and when he answered too swiftly, he excused himself. Even in his own backyard he was quietly formal, reeling off facts and information without a glint of humor.

When the subject turned to the economy, Carter became even more intense. He leaned forward, elbows on the table, head thrust forward. "The attitude of labor is one that causes me the most concern. The relationship between even the most dedicated Democratic Presidents and organized labor leaders has always been a rather stormy one." At this point the presidential reasonableness rather than the new defiance began to show. Labor Chief George Meany had treated him

brusquely at their last meeting, but Carter did not refer to it. Instead, the Administration plans to try to work around the imperious A.F.L.-C.I.O. leader. Said Carter: "We have gotten some good response from the leaders of international unions. The retail clerks, for instance, just recently endorsed the proposal of wage increases being less than the previous two years on the average. But working people have to see first that some restraints are going to be placed on professional fees, like dentists and doctors, and on prices charged, like GM and A.T.&T. before they are willing to sacrifice their wage demands. The test will come when we get down to the Post Office workers and perhaps the Teamsters next year."

Cutting Government spending is moving Carter toward a confrontation with the Congress, and he sounded ready for it. He carefully avoided such a fight last year, and on reflection, thinks he should not have. When House Speaker Tip O'Neill told him then how awful it would appear if a Democratic President vetoed Democratic legislation, the image-conscious Carter paid close attention. Now the President's timidity with Congress seemed ended. "I put the 1979 fiscal year budget to bed in December, had it printed up and sent to the Congress in January," he said. "I don't intend to see that budget spending level increased." Carter sounded stubborn, but businessmen as well as Congressmen say they have become accustomed to Carter talking tougher than he acts. Told that congressional leaders believe he will back down on his veto threats, the President arched forward and said with a rolling sonority: "Anyone who depends on the belief that I will not veto a spending bill that breached the integrity of my budget is laboring under a serious misapprehension. I will not hesitate one minute to veto the bill."

Then the President delivered a much broader warning: "I think this year is going to see a good many disputes resolved only through the veto process."

Speaker O'Neill contends that the President does not truly understand the independent mood of the present Congress. Carter insists he does. But the President says he is not going to stand for the traditional inclinations of Congress to juggle figures. Said Carter: "There is a new kind of political leader, not only in the White House but in the Congress itself. They do not depend on a Speaker, or the Democratic Party, or a presidential candidate to help put them in office. I think this is one reason we are much more likely to see success in November among Democratic members of Congress than we would ordinarily expect. Their dependence relates to their own direct trust with the voters."

Carter is conscious of the people's continued lack of trust in government and repeated that he tries to deal with this in an open way. "There is a great deal of skepticism about the decision-making

process. Everybody wants to be darned sure we never have another Watergate or Viet Nam. Even if Eisenhower were in the White House, there would be a much closer examination of what he did. I think it is healthy."

Has there been any harmful leaking of information in his Administration? "I have had a problem—and it comes up repeatedly—of the issuing of statements concerning a controversial matter that was approaching my desk for a final decision during the formative stage of that decision-making process. Quite often I will read in the news media the attitudes of some of my people that work at the sub-Cabinet level, at the Assistant Secretary level, views that are leaked to promote oneself and also one's ideas and views. This robs the influence and the stability and the esteem and the chance for success of a policy once I decide it. This does create confusion in the public mind."

Then he paused for a moment and remarked in a way that seemed uncommonly frank: "You know, I think, to be perfectly honest about it, successes have not yet been notable. We have made some progress in the Middle East, on SALT, on energy, only relative success. But I don't have any reticence about addressing these inherently difficult issues. I don't fear a rebuff or a defeat so much that I am afraid to try. It would have been a devastating blow to my politically and to my image as a leader had the Senate rejected the Panama Canal treaties. [Now] if we fail, I will not regret having tried."

Moving to the subject of Vice President Mondale's trip this week to Israel and Egypt, the President considered whether an American peace plan might be necessary in negotiation.

"The next step would be an Egyptian proposal," the President said, deliberately keeping the U.S. presence minimal. "It will be given to us and then delivered to Israel. If it is constructive, then my guess is that a meeting between the two governments, certainly at the Foreign Minister

level, will be likely. We will participate at that meeting if they both want."

Then Carter showed some caution: "That Egyptian proposal probably will not be completely acceptable to the Israelis, but that is a prediction. If not, then we would try to bring about some inventory of the compatibility and the differences between the two countries and will reserve the right to propose a compromise solution. I doubt we would put in any new initiatives; it will be built almost entirely on their own proposals."

Carter talked about next week's economic summit and confessed that he went to Bonn feeling handicapped, with no energy legislation passed and Congress threatening to block any Administration import taxes on oil. He sounded his new, tough note about such action: "For the Congress to take that kind of negative position, prohibiting me from exercising the prerogatives and authority Presidents have had in the past, would be a very unwise act. My guess is they will not do it, but even if they haven't, their intentions will be a factor."

New polls last week showed Carter receiving a very low rate of approval, but he maintained his indifference about negative reports. Then he added an interpretation of his own: "In many ways the polls do accurately reflect accomplishments in the highly visible projects. We still don't have an energy bill, or a SALT treaty, and we have continuing problems with inflation. At the same time the foreign policy items in which we have been successful have been highly controversial—Panama and the Middle East arms sale."

Asked whether Brezhnev lacked the level of enthusiasm for a personal meeting that Carter had illustrated by his standing invitation to the Russian leader, Carter replied: "We are not frantic to have a meeting with Brezhnev. We are not urging him to come. I think a direct meeting between us will be very constructive. My longtime understanding has been that he will want to meet with me when SALT is fairly sure. We are making good progress on the agreement and our relationship with the Soviets is stable."

How did the President like his job this month, with his popularity at its nadir? He grinned: "Just as much as last month I feel at ease with our policies."

The President began to walk toward his Executive study. His daughter stood by the door waiting. She whispered into her father's ear that she had only enough money to buy one record album, *Saturday Night Fever*, and she wanted a little additional to buy a second, *Grease*. The President told her that a single record was enough for now, but Amy persisted, tugging on his arm. Finally, after considerable pleading, her father told her to change the subject. Then he relented slightly and said he might allow a second purchase soon. The pattern was familiar. The President was weighing the pressure measuring the evidence—and keeping his options open.



Lifting the Lid

Carter sets new rules on secrets

For the 14th time since the Government started officially keeping secrets 60 years ago, the federal classification system has been modified. "The Government classifies too much information, classifies it too highly and for too long," declared President Carter last week in announcing that he had fulfilled a campaign promise by tightening the rules under which bureaucrats can wield CONFIDENTIAL, SECRET and TOP SECRET stamps.

Carter's 16-page Executive order replaces one issued in 1972 by Richard Nixon, and according to civil liberty experts represents a significant step toward defoliating the secrets jungle. The new policy

- ▶ Takes away the power of eleven agencies that are not involved in diplomacy or national defense to classify any documents. Among those disfranchised: the departments of Labor, Agriculture, and Health, Education and Welfare.

- ▶ Requires that officials, if challenged, be able to explain to a new watchdog agency, the Information Security Oversight Office, or to a court the reason a document if not kept classified could harm national security.

- ▶ Allows only the sensitive passages in a document to be classified, rather than the entire document.

- ▶ Sets limits on the use of classifications higher than TOP SECRET. In the past, officials have put their most sensitive documents in these nameless cubbyholes, keeping them out of the public eye indefinitely. No one knows how many of them exist. But from now on, department heads will have to justify these ultrasecret classifications in writing to the Oversight Office. Unless renewed, they will expire in five years.

Civil liberties advocates were particularly pleased by the requirement that officials balance the public interest with the needs of national security when considering a request for the release of classified information. The effect of this provision will be to make appeals easier. Said American Civil Liberties Union Lawyer Mark Lynch: "This section is going to revolutionize litigation in the freedom-of-information field."

Carter's Executive order also speeds up the declassification of documents. Most now will become available to the public in six years, instead of up to ten years. More sensitive documents will be declassified in 20 years, instead of 30 years. The National Archives estimates that as a result the number of once-classified federal documents that will be disgorged in the next decade will increase by 250 million pages, to a total of 600 million pages. Most of them, however, pertain to routine bureaucratic matters and will be of little interest to historians. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

On Rhubarb and Revolt

Adai Stevenson the Governor used to like to lean on fences, survey the prairie horizon and insist that in small places things are revealed to the humble that are obscure to the great and powerful.

The yard of my family's home in Greenfield, Iowa, this summer is an extraordinary clarifier. Down the line of porches the past echoes. There is a rhubarb patch—survivor of a century of drought, blizzard and small boys—that still yields its tender shoots for pies, a singular delicacy, which, when done right, is a dish to tempt a Paul Bocuse. A hand pump still stands proudly on a cistern. The rope hammock strung between the pine oak and the sugar maple is ragged but enduring, curving invitingly in the dusk. Hollyhocks fringe the small barn with the hayloft and the split door. The barn had been built for a new horse and buggy when Henry Ford was still considered a crank.

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE



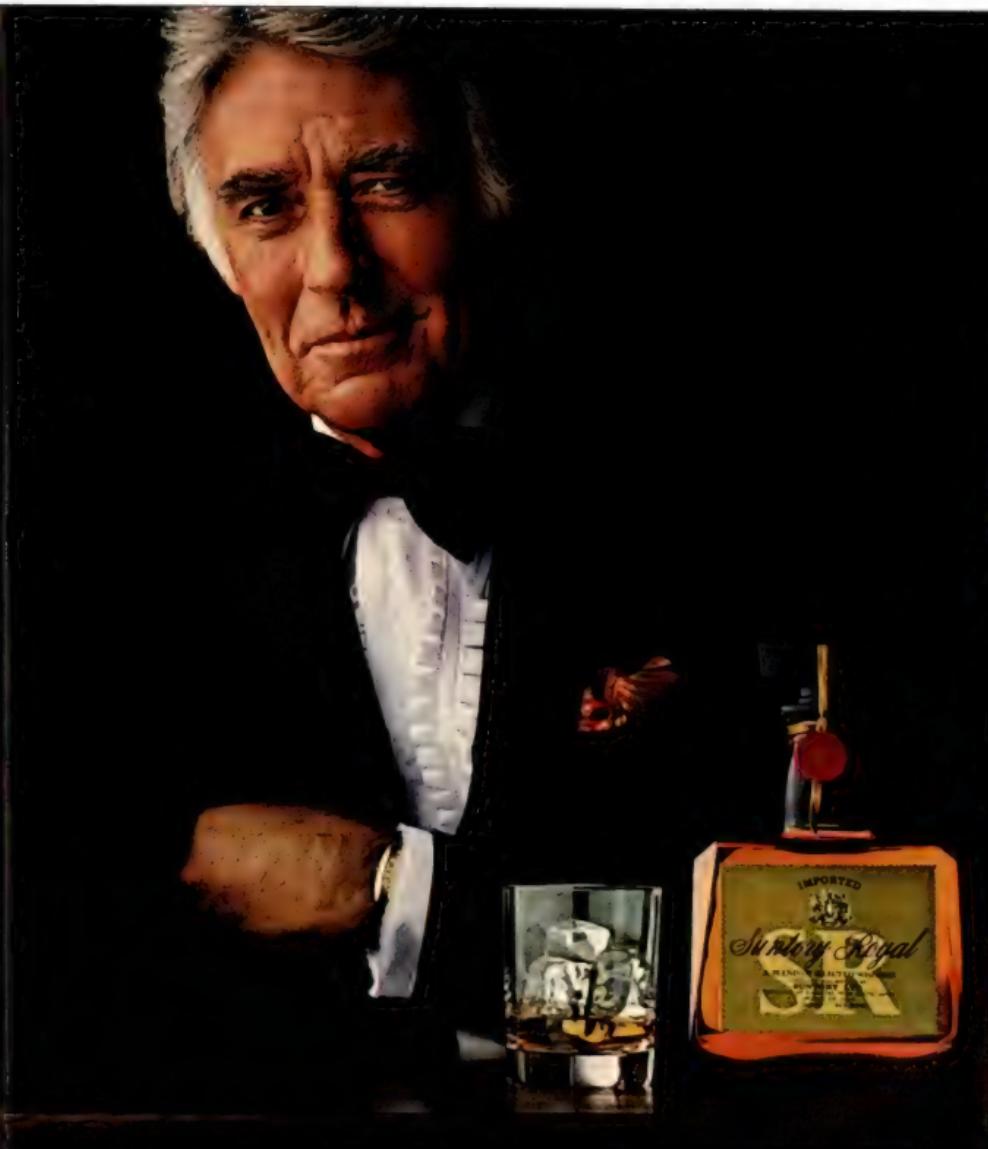
Stevenson on his farm (1956)

Clarity in small places.

Identities have their personal stories to support their concerns. Four policemen in town do the job that two used to do. Neither the population nor the incidence of crime has increased more than a fraction. A nearby hamlet was adequately supplied with two special education teachers, but there were funds left over so they hired a third teacher to sop up the surplus. A member of a state review board attended a meeting where he and the others were warned that their appropriation was not all spent, and if they did not use the funds, they would be cut back next year. A small shop received through the mail a 326-page compendium of OSHA regulations—the advance warning of federal scrutiny. No member of the ten-man staff had time to read it. When the OSHA inspector arrived, he disallowed a grace period and fined the owner \$60 for not having a guard on a compressor belt used once a year. The area's education agency, created to replace the school superintendents of eight counties, has ballooned into an aggressive bureaucracy of far more people than all the old county offices put together. The agency has hired a flack, is promoting itself with the legislature, and has even created its own printing department, which robs the local printers of work they used to do.

It is little wonder that George Gallup and Louis Harris get conflicting signals when they ask questions in the far corners of the land. Many of these people now see government as an adversary; yet they rush into its embrace to claim their share of money that they feel they paid. There are no villains in this landscape. The choices are between good and better, between much and more. The momentum comes from highly educated and skillful bureaucrats who know how to maneuver in their worlds but have a full perception only of their own interests and do not sense the full burden the people must now sustain.

"How does Joe Califano spend \$182 billion?" asked a pharmacist. "The answer is that he can't. He wastes a lot of it." In the 25-year history of HEW there has never been a clearer explanation of the problem, given with such an economy of language.



It's a lighter, mellower, better tasting whisky. And that's my professional opinion.

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Eight potential signs of trouble.

1. Do you have thick, hardened areas of skin on the soles, sides, or heels of your feet?
2. Are there bumps of hard, dead skin on the tops of your toes?
3. Is there itching or cracking of skin between your toes?
4. Do the arches or insteps of your feet ever ache?
5. Are your feet generally fatigued at the end of the day?
6. Do your feet ever feel hot or tender?
7. Are you embarrassed by foot perspiration or odor?
8. Do your feet, knees, or elbows show signs of rough, dry or hard skin?

If you answered yes to any of the above, here are a few of the ways Dr. Scholl's can help.

1. **Callouses.** Zino® callous pads with medicated disks for removal. Kurotex® moleskin for protection of sore tender areas.
2. **Corns.** Zino® corn pads with medicated disks for removal, or "2"Drop® liquid as directed for

fast removal of hard corns. Also, non-medicated Foam-Ease® pads for protection.

3. **Athlete's Foot.** Dr. Scholl's Solvex® helps keep you on your toes by killing athlete's foot fungi on contact, while controlling the itching and burning.

4. **Weak Arches.** Flexo® Foam Arch provides comfort and soft cushioning support.



5. **Foot Fatigue.** Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo® Insoles will help put the spring back in your step when you're on your feet all day.

6. **Hot Tender Feet.** Dr. Scholl's

Foot Powder, when used daily, soothes, cools and reduces shoe friction.

7. **Perspiration.** Dr. Scholl's Foot Deodorant Spray helps feet stay odor-free.



8. **Rough Dry Skin.** Scholl Rough Skin Remover gently smooths away rough skin on feet, knees and elbows. Scholl Softening Lotion smooths and helps restore moisture balance.

Preventive maintenance for feet.

Daily attention to your feet helps keep trouble from starting up. Not

only will your feet feel good, chances are you'll feel good all over. But if a problem persists, see your physician or podiatrist.

Where to go for service.

There's a Dr. Scholl's Foot Care Center near you offering the relief, comfort or beauty product that best meets your individual needs.

So when you think about foot care, go to the Dr. Scholl's display. The best way to get maximum mileage from your feet.



DrScholls

The Service Station for feet.

*Estimated average based on information received from the American Podiatry Association.

Nation

U.S. vs. U.S.S.R.: Two on a Seesaw

Soft words and a smooth swap: then a chilling summons

I was another of those seesaw weeks in U.S.-Soviet relations. First, Jimmy Carter spoke soothingly at a press conference of his "deep belief that the underlying relationship between ourselves and the Soviets is stable" and that he and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev want "to have better friendship." Next, both governments calmly carried out a trade: the U.S. released two accused Soviet spies from jail in New Jersey, while the Soviets set free an American charged with currency violations in Moscow. But then Soviet authorities suddenly summoned two American reporters to a Moscow court and charged them with "denigrating the honor and dignity" of Soviet TV officials.

The Soviet move against the two newsmen, the New York Times' Craig R. Whitney and the Baltimore Sun's Harold D. Piper, was unwarranted and unprecedented. The complaint charged them with slander in their coverage in May of Dissident Zviad Gamsakhurdia's purported confession of anti-Soviet activities, even though their dispatches appeared only in the U.S.

Gamsakhurdia, who was a member of a group monitoring Soviet response to the 1975 Helsinki accord that is supposed to guarantee human rights, had advocated secession of his native Republic of Georgia from the Soviet Union. Tried and convicted of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda, he was sentenced to three years in prison. As part of its coverage of the trial, *Vremya* broadcast a taped confession by Gamsakhurdia. Whitney and Piper both wrote stories quoting Gamsakhurdia's friends as contending



The Times's Whitney

that the broadcast confession did not reflect his real views and seemed to have been fabricated.

During a 15-minute court hearing, Piper and Whitney were given two days to prepare written answers and a list of defense witnesses. Back in court at week's end, they protested to Judge Lev Almazov that they had not had time to obtain lawyers or analyze the charges. Almazov, who appeared irritated because prolonging the case would delay his vacation, set the trial for July 7. Complained Whitney after the hearing: "The way we were treated raises serious doubts about whether participating in this trial is advisable. If we are not able to defend ourselves, then the aim of this trial is not justice. There is some obscure political purpose." U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon told U.S. correspondents in Moscow that he thought the Soviet intent was clear: "This is an effort to get a message across to you people that unless you confine your quotations to official Soviet sources, you run a risk of being charged with slander."

Most foreign correspondents in Moscow agreed with Toon that the action was a new effort to intimidate them and to discourage their reporting on Soviet dissidents. Yet when asked by newsmen in Washington whether reporters covering the 1980 Olympics in Moscow will be similarly harassed, Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin snapped: "You know perfectly well what is slander and what is not." He said

there will be "no harassment that will hurt doing your job as newsmen."

State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III warned that the summons hindered the "ability of U.S. journalists to function freely" in Moscow. He added: "We hope the Soviet authorities will reflect very carefully on the broader implications of this issue." The State Department's initial retaliation in the case was low-key. U.S. officials quietly summoned eight Soviet correspondents in Washington to "have their credentials reviewed." Some were out of town, but two very nervous Tass reporters and one from *Izvestiya* appeared at the office of Kenneth Brown, director of the Office of Press Relations, for a solemn 35-minute chat. Brown made no direct threats against the newsmen, but, said one U.S. official, "the warning should have been implicit."

If the broad significance of Moscow's chilling move against the U.S. reporters was not yet known, the joint release of two accused Soviet agents in exchange

for the freeing of American I.

Jay Crawford was an upbeat note. The alleged spies, United Nations Employees Rudolf Chernyayev and Valdik Enger had been indicted in New Jersey by a grand jury on charges of obtaining U.S. Navy secrets. In pressing charges against the two, the U.S. breached an international gentleman's agreement under which foreign spies are merely expelled. Last week the spy charges were not dropped, but the two Russians were released in the custody of Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin, who pledged to present them for trial—if, as seems uncertain, a trial is held.

In return, Crawford was released in Moscow in the custody of Ambassador Toon. During his 15 days in jail, his precise job with International Harvester Co had been somewhat inflated in Moscow. Actually, he is a mechanic who services tractors sold by International Harvester to the U.S.S.R. The charge against him was that he had "systematically sold to individual Soviet citizens large amounts of foreign currency at speculative prices," a crime punishable by up to eight years in prison. His arrest stirred concern among some U.S. executives that doing business with the U.S.S.R. might become risky. U.S. diplomats were surprised by that cautious reaction. Said one U.S. officer in Moscow: "There has been an amazing lack of vigor, courage and activity on the part of the business community in backing up Crawford."

As he emerged from a Soviet jail, Crawford's eyes brimmed with tears, and his voice cracked as he faced newsmen and insisted: "I am innocent of all charges." If so, Crawford and the American reporters, seem to be mere citizen pawns caught in the Kremlin's power plays. ■



The Sun's Piper



Crawford and Fiancée Virginia Orlitz in Moscow after his release

Three Americans were pawns in the Kremlin's power gambit.

Nation



A showpiece preserved: Grand Central, one of the finest examples of Beaux-Arts architecture

Saving a Station

Grand Central wins in court

Amid the boxy steel-and-glass skyscrapers of midtown Manhattan stands a colonnaded French palace of classical elegance. Adorned by Jules Coutan's sculpture *Transportation*, assorted stone flourishes and a neo-Renaissance portion, the 65-year-old Grand Central Terminal remains one of the nation's finest Beaux-Arts showpieces, a source of inspiration for students of architecture, and a place of sentiment for many of the 500,000 people who pass through it daily. For more than a decade, preservationists have fought to keep the terminal, and last week they won in the U.S. Supreme Court.

The battle to save Grand Central began when New York City named the terminal a landmark in 1967. This meant that its owner, the nearly bankrupt Penn Central Transportation Co., could not make any changes on the building's exterior without permission from the city's landmarks-preservation commission. Five months later Penn Central leased the airspace above the terminal to a British corporation that wanted to erect an office building on the site. Penn Central submitted to the landmarks commission two plans by Marcel Breuer. One envisioned a 55-story concrete skyscraper floating incongruously above the terminal's mansard roof. The other called for tearing down the facade of the old building and partly encasing the terminal in a 53-story glass-and-steel box. When the city rejected both designs, Penn Central went to court, claiming that its property rights had been violated. Although the trial court ruled in the railroad's favor, the

appeals court reversed the decision in 1975 and the case ended up before the U.S. Supreme Court.

Last week the court rejected Penn Central's argument that New York City's landmark designation amounted to a "public taking" of private property without compensation—a violation of the Fifth and 14th amendments. If the city wanted to preserve Grand Central, the railroad reasoned, it should pay for it. "Agreement with this argument," wrote Associate Justice William Brennan in the majority opinion, "would invalidate not just New York's laws, but all comparable legislation elsewhere in the nation. We find no merit in it."

Across the country, preservationists were jubilant over the decision. All 50 states and more than 500 municipalities already have preservation laws, but many of them have hesitated to designate commercial properties as landmarks for fear of legal challenges. Now, said Randall Scott, research director of Washington's



The Bateman School in Chicago
A victory over relentless progress

Environmental Law Institute, "the court has reassured many communities that they can move rapidly on these cases."

Preservationists already are making plans to use the Grand Central ruling in their fight to save other landmarks: for example, the 1898 Bayard-Condict Building, the only building designed by Architect Louis Sullivan ever constructed in New York City.

In other cases, the ruling will have less immediate effect. In Chicago, for instance, a developer wants to build a high-rise apartment house over a wing of the Bateman School, a historic Astor Street mansion that was designed by Stanford White near the turn of the century. If the project is not turned down by Chicago's planning commission on grounds that it would lead to overcrowding in the elegant neighborhood, preservationists will probably go to court with a case based on last week's decision.

Thus, as New York City Mayor Edward Koch puts it, the Supreme Court's ruling on Grand Central is indeed "a landmark decision," a victory of aesthetics over relentless progress.

Paper Chase

The battle against red tape

Among the 4,987 kinds of forms used by the Federal Government is one that is supposed to be sent to city officials after a nuclear attack. It asks how many of their citizens have survived the disaster. Says Florida Democrat Lawton Chiles, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Federal Spending Practices and Open Government: "The implication is that even if nothing else survives a nuclear blast, the bureaucracy will rise from the ashes."

Last week, however, the bureaucracy said there was some good news. The time that Americans spend in filling out forms is actually not increasing, as many people think, but just the opposite. So said the Office of Management and Budget in its first report to Congress on President Carter's effort to cut paper work.

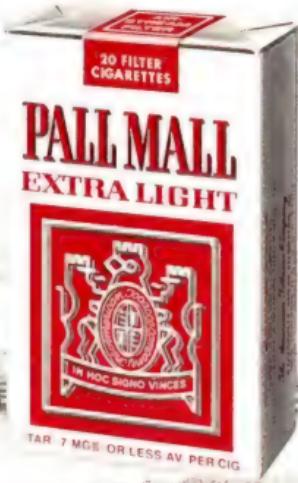
The 141-page OMB report offered some impressive figures. It said that Americans now spend 785 million hours a year filling out federal forms. The paper work annually costs the nation \$100 billion—about \$500 for every citizen. But it went on, reductions in Government red tape since January 1977 have done away with enough forms to trim the nation's paper shuffling by 9.9%—a cut of more than 85 million hours, equivalent to, say, a year's work by 50,000 people.

Just how did the OMB arrive at these figures? Director James McIntyre admitted to the subcommittee that the report was based on a combination of guesswork and the honor system. Said he: "We all have to rely on information from Government agencies." Retorted Chiles: "The

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IRS has to rely on the information it gets from people too, but the process is greatly helped along because we know it does audits."

And while the Government eliminated 700 forms last year, it added 300 new ones. Warned Republican Congressman Frank Horton of New York: "The forms are like weeds. You cut them down, but they keep growing back."

Floral Defense

Sixth Army to the rescue

The U.S. Sixth Army has a new life-and-death assignment guarding what may be the most imperiled of the more than 2,000 American plants on the endangered species list. The last-known *Acrostaphylos hookeri ravenii*, commonly called the Presidio Manzanita, is located on a hillside overlooking the Pacific at the Army's Presidio base in San Francisco.

Manzanita is Spanish for "little apple" — a reference to the tiny berries nestled amid the 4-ft. shrub's shiny green leaves and pink blossoms. Indians used to boil manzanita leaves to make a medicinal tea to treat venereal disease. There are about 50 types of the plant, but the Presidio variety has been dying out as developers paved over its habitat.

The Army is keeping the exact location of its shrub secret to protect it from plantnappers. Already, people have been spotted staking around the Presidio base in search of it. "It's quite a handsome ground cover and would make a nice addition to someone's garden," says Rare-Plant Expert Alice Howard. What will happen if the Sixth Army gets hard pressed? Threatens Howard: "We'll call out the vigilante corps of the California Native Plant Society."



Sixth Army's Presidio manzanita
Protected from plantnappers

The Second Battle of Monmouth

A colonial victory—with trucks, walkie-talkies and Port-O-Sans

Under a scorching sun, long lines of blue-coated colonial troops and fringe-shirted riflemen advanced shoulder to shoulder through the fields of New Jersey to attack the forces of King George III. Skirmishers darted ahead to draw the redcoats' fire, then rejoined the ranks. Coolly poised to repel the attack, the British forces moved forward. Hessian grenadiers in fearsome mitered helmets, the Scottish Black Watch regiment resplendent in tartan kilts. Almost as one, the Continentals opened with a fusillade of musket and rifle fire. The British responded with a volley of their own. The smoke cleared. A Red Cross truck lumbered across the field to pick up the fallen, all of them victims of heat exhaustion. Commanders with walkie-talkies ordered their forces to regroup.

A truck, not a wagon, in the 18th century? Walkie-talkies for the generals? Yes, a few of the historical niceties were ignored last week as the state of New Jersey staged one of the final acts of America's Bicentennial celebration by re-creating the Battle of Monmouth. In the actual engagement, which occurred on June 28, 1778, the forces were evenly balanced at about 12,000 men each. In the 1½-hr. replay on the site of the original battlefield, there were some 1,200 patriots and only 600 redcoats, watched by about 75,000 spectators.

No matter. The 20th century participants acted as if the battle were genuine. When, at a climactic moment, George Washington's Life Guard marched relentlessly through surfurious musket and cannon smoke, patriotic shivers shook the spectators. Woman camp followers cheered on their men and hissed at the enemy. Colonial soldiers taunted "The King's a queen." Indeed, spirits run so high at these mock fights—marking all the important Revolutionary War engagements, starting in 1974—that individual soldiers are not given ramrods. The reason: an overexcited fighter might forget to extract a ramrod from his musket before firing, sending it flying like a spear.

The real Battle of Monmouth ended inconclusively, with the British withdrawing, then slipping away from the colonials and marching to New York. Still, the battle, in which some 200 British and 100 colonial soldiers died, was an important psychological victory for Washington's troops. The young American Army had faced its foes in the 18th century Euro-

pean fashion, a stand-up, line-in-line fight, and held the field.

Revolutionary War buffs came to New Jersey from as far away as California, Florida and Ontario to replay the battle. They included a seventh-generation descendant of Molly Pitcher—Elizabeth Hays, 17, of Carlisle, Pa.—who carried water to parched Continental cannoneers, as her ancestor had done 200 years earlier. Many participants have faced each other on past battlegrounds; in fact, most plan family vacations around them. Said Mavret Daigle of Albany, whose husband fought at Monmouth: "I never used to go on these, until a very pretty woman told me what fun my husband was on these re-enactments." True to historical accuracy, Mrs. Daigle became a camp follower, cooking, washing clothes and keeping the tent clean. She has marched with her husband to Bennington, Vt., Ridgefield, Conn., and Short Hills, N.J., and has become an enthusiast. "When we camp in the forts," she explains, "you can almost sense how it was. The walls have vibes."

The hobbyists deck themselves out in historically accurate garb and gear, right down to pewter buttons. Otto de Pierne, a chemical researcher from East Norwalk, Conn., spent \$7,000 outfitting himself as a surgeon, even collecting the original bottles for 118 drugs carried by 18th century battlefield medics, as well as all the drugs—except opium—which he had to simulate. At Monmouth, he put on his 18th century glasses but apologized for wearing modern shoes. He also brought along his colonial desk, with quill pen and linen paper.

With participants willingly spending their own money to relive the past—British uniforms alone cost up to \$600—New Jersey's American Revolution Bicentennial Celebration Commission ended up spending only \$25,000 on the battle, far less than expected. The agency provided 75 Port-O-Sans for the crowd, a convenience not available in the 18th century, and the New Jersey National Guard served free meals from its field kitchens. Thus the commission set a timely and unusual example for governmental units in the 20th century rebellion against high government spending. Because the agency used up only \$90,000 of its \$140,000 budget for two years of celebration, it plans to return \$50,000 to the state treasury. Two hundred years later, New Jersey's citizen patriots have won again.



Hays as Molly Pitcher

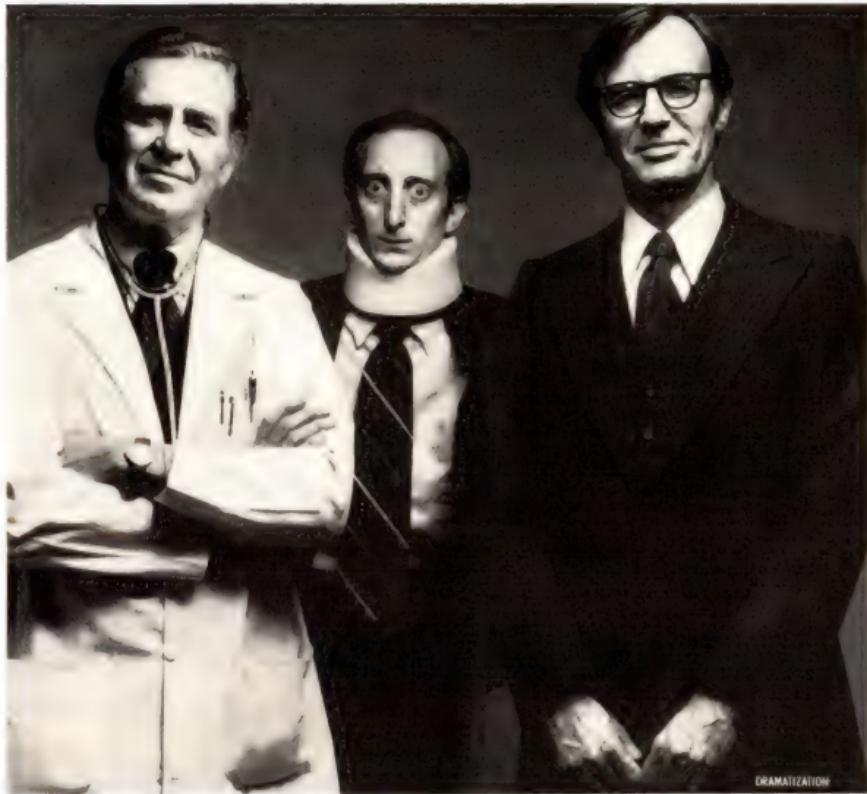


British forces (top line) exchanging shots with blue-coated Continentals and American militiamen



Clockwise from left: Royal artillery; Hessian and camp follower; British Captain Paul Loding sipping port; British drummers.





The man in the middle just won a big award.

This is the true story of the victim of an automobile accident! Let's call him Phil.

A jury has finally² awarded Phil \$12,000 for his losses (and the court tacked on \$1,160 for costs), so why isn't *he* smiling?

Watch closely as the tort system gobbles up that \$13,160:

Phil's lawyer (at right) takes \$6,450 off the top.³

Dr. A (at left) gets \$600 in witness fees. (He charged only \$425

for treating Phil in the first place—in this crazy system you sometimes make more by telling a court what you did than you make by actually *doing it*.)

Doctors B and C take \$325 more in witness fees and another \$470 or so falls through the cracks, leaving Phil with a check for \$5,311⁴—nearly three years after his accident.

Now a system that used up 3 years and \$8,000 to put \$5,300 into a victim's hands may strike you as unwieldy. And Aetna agrees.

State by state, we're supporting strong, workable "no-fault" auto insurance plans.⁵ Where no-fault isn't in the cards, we think compulsory arbitration can help get most cases settled faster and more economically.

Lawyers' contingent fees should be better controlled. And, where appropriate, victims' payments should be made periodic, rather than in one lump sum which some outlive and others never need.

Passing the laws to reform this system is slow, frustrating work, but it is the key to controlling auto insurance costs. Don't underestimate your own influence with your elected representatives. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

⁴We've taken poetic license and put a neck brace on Phil, although his actual injuries didn't require it.

⁵Nearly three years passed between Phil's accident and his award. Such time lags are often a cause of grave hardship, and are a strong indictment of the present system. Chief Justice Warren Burger put it this way: "The business of involving the judicial process to dispose of an automobile accident is an expensive and

cumbersome method that should be abandoned, as we did with industrial-injury claims long ago."

Lawyers' handling liability cases generally charge a "contingent fee"—a percentage of the award paid to the victim (the percentage may be as high as 50%). Phil's lawyer claimed 40% of the jury award for his fee plus \$1,650 for certain costs advanced. He later advised the press that he had reduced his fee.

"In other words, only 44% of the jury award actually reached the victim. More than half was consumed by the costs of an inefficient system—costs which are reflected in the premiums of insurance buyers."

"No-Fault" is first-party protection. Your insurance covers *your own* medical expenses and lost wages; the losses of whom ever you hit (or get hit by) are covered by his insurance. No

fault has enormous potential for speeding and simplifying claim payments and controlling the cost of auto insurance. Unfortunately, the no-fault laws in many states (including the state where Phil lived) have so many loopholes that they fail to keep most claims out-of-court. Aetna supports the passage of federal guidelines which would require states to enact strong laws with real consumer protection.



MIDDLE EAST

They Aren't Saying Much

But there is still a great deal to talk about

The chasm of disagreement between Jerusalem and Cairo on the future of the West Bank and Gaza Strip continues to block a possible Middle East peace agreement—much to Washington's dismay. At his press conference last week, President Carter pledged that the U.S. "will not back off" from its determination to work for an Arab-Israeli settlement. He also categorized as "very disappointing" the Israeli government's refusal to concede that sovereignty over the West Bank and Gaza will ever be relinquished. The President then observed, disapprovingly, that Israel had also "rejected an Egyptian proposal for the territories that has not yet even been made." Carter was referring to a declaration by the Israeli Cabinet that it "unreservedly rejects" what were reported to be the principles of a proposal that was being prepared by Egypt.

Leaked accounts of the Egyptian plan had indicated that Cairo would suggest that the West Bank be placed under Jordanian rule and Gaza under Egyptian control for five years. During that time, a final settlement for the two areas could be negotiated, along with security arrangements for Israel. Jerusalem has its reasons to be wary of such a scheme: it would require Israel to give up the occupied lands, its major bargaining chip in negotiations, even before talks turn to the crucial issue of the future status of the territory concerned. But respect for diplomatic niceties should have persuaded the Israelis to delay their dismissal of the plan until it had officially been announced.

Despite Israel's pre-emptive rejection, Egypt still intends to formally submit its West Bank and Gaza scheme to the U.S. later this month. With both Egyptian and



Vice President Mondale being welcomed by Premier Begin at Israel's Ben Gurion Airport
Along with several Jewish guests, a message from Washington asking for flexibility

Israeli plans then on the bargaining table (Jerusalem submitted a 26-point proposal last December), the Carter Administration hopes that a quickened tempo of negotiations might narrow the differences between the two sides. This was a theme stressed by Vice President Walter Mondale, who arrived in Israel last week on a four-day good-will visit in honor of the country's 30th anniversary. While publicly stressing the "solid and unshakeable commitment" linking the U.S. to Israel, he privately urged Premier Menachem Begin and other Israeli leaders to show more flexibility.

Accompanying Mondale at U.S. Government expense, were more than a dozen prominent U.S. Jewish leaders, including Rabbi Alexander Schindler, the outgoing chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, and his successor, Theodore Mann. The White House hoped their presence might persuade the Israelis that the Administration's Middle East policies enjoy the backing of the American Jewish community. (Other U.S. Jewish leaders, however, refused to join the Mondale entourage.) From Israel, the Vice President planned to stop briefly in Egypt to see President Anwar Sadat.

Whether Mondale's advice to Begin will be followed is far from certain. At

his airport speech, for example, the Premier pointedly welcomed the Vice President to Eretz Yisrael—the land of Israel. As used by Begin, this term provocatively includes the West Bank.

Amid rumors of Begin's weakening health and growing signs in the ruling coalition of dissatisfaction with his handling of the peace process, TIME has learned that Labor Party Chairman Shimon Peres has begun trying to form a broad centrist coalition to replace the Premier. Peres has already agreed to join a Cabinet headed by Begin's Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin. If Peres is able to win the premiership for himself, he is prepared to keep both Weizman and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan at their posts.

If there is any evidence of renewed momentum toward a Middle East peace, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance may fly to the area at the end of July for some personal diplomacy. But chances of making any progress in negotiations depend largely on whether the Israeli and Arab views on the future of the West Bank and Gaza Strip can be reconciled. Leaders of the more than 1 million Palestinian inhabitants of these territories demand self-determination in what they regard as their homeland. The Begin plan, endorsed by the Knesset after nearly

twelve hours of heated debate, merely proposed the creation of an autonomous Palestinian region endowed with a modest measure of self-rule. Israel would retain much of its present control of the territories, and the status of 70 Israeli settlements there would be unchanged. In the Israeli plan, moreover, there was not even a hint that the region might eventually gain independence: the issue of sovereignty was postponed for five years.

The tough Israeli stand on the occupied territories is motivated by a legit-

imate concern with security. The West Bank bulges deeply into the Jewish state; its western rim is within artillery range of Tel Aviv, and its mountain heights loom ominously over the main land route from that city to Jerusalem. A hostile Arab army on the West Bank could readily reach the Mediterranean, thereby cutting Israel in half with little advance warning. Terrorists, using the West Bank as a sanctuary, could strike at almost any target in Israel.

Israelis were tragically reminded of

this danger once again. The day before Vice President Mondale arrived, a bomb exploded in a crowded Jerusalem marketplace. Tearing apart a vegetable stand, the blast killed two Israelis and wounded about three dozen others. Claiming "credit" for the violent act was the Palestine Liberation Organization, which boasted that "an underground squad" based in the West Bank had set the bomb. It was the 14th such explosion this year, bringing the death toll to eleven, with more than 120 injured. ■

One Step Toward a Stable Peace

A proposal for the West Bank and Gaza Strip

In the deadlocked debate over the future of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, there is considerable merit in the arguments on both sides. Israelis have legitimate worries about security, while there is a growing world consensus that the Palestinians have a moral if not a juridical right to a homeland of their own.

TIME herewith offers a proposal for resolving the Palestinian problem that takes into account both Israeli fears and Arab aspirations. The plan, which draws on the views of experts in the U.S., Israel and Egypt, rests on three assumptions. One is that continuing Israeli rule over the West Bank and Gaza, with their overwhelmingly Arab populations, would prove impossible in the long run. The second is that substituting an imposed Jordanian and/or Egyptian sovereignty over the area, except during a brief transition period, would equally frustrate Palestinian nationalist yearnings, and thus preclude a genuine Middle East peace. The third is that Israel's security needs could be met without its troops occupying the West Bank and Gaza.

The following plan presumably is not acceptable to either side right away, although that does not mean it is ultimately unfeasible. No blueprint can or should be imposed in a single, dramatic act. Instead, it ought to proceed by stages, with each new step contingent upon fulfillment of the conditions required by the previous steps. This process might take years, even decades. The end result, however, could well be a new Palestinian state that could serve as a bridge between Israel and the rest of the Arab world.

The elements of the plan

Political Structure. Israel would relinquish control over the West Bank and Gaza and withdraw to its pre-1967 borders. As envisioned by the architects of United Nations Security Council Resolution 242, which clearly seems to call for this withdrawal, there would be minor adjustments in the armistice lines of 1949, which bisected towns and villages and otherwise imposed easily remedied geographic hardships. More extensive border changes favoring Israel would be allowed, of course, with Arab approval. At

the end of a predetermined period—perhaps five years—the West Bank and Gaza would be formally incorporated as a Palestinian homeland with transit rights (but not an extraterritorial corridor) guaranteed between the separated territories. Although this Palestinian homeland would have a government and the right to issue passports, there would be certain limits imposed initially on its sovereignty; thus the new country should be described as an "entity" rather than a nation. As a first step toward normalization, Israel and the Palestinian homeland would recognize each other diplomatically and affirm the other's right to exist in peace.

Logically, the capital of the new entity would be East Jerusalem, which is predominantly Arab. But negotiations that threaten to divide the Holy City once more would be long, painful and extraordinarily difficult. Until the Jerusalem question is solved, the new entity would use a West Bank city, perhaps Ramallah, as a temporary capital; it would function much as Bonn does for West Germany. The new entity would be granted a symbolic presence in East Jerusalem, but no physical division of the city would be allowed.

An international commission, presumably organized by the U.N., would supervise elections in the entity to ensure that they were conducted freely: radicals and terrorists must be prevented from subverting the democratic process. The legislature chosen by these elections would draft a constitution and appoint a government that would have power over the entity's domestic affairs: education and culture, economics and commerce, health and sanitation, transportation and communication, etc. To enforce the entity's laws and provide order, the legislature would have the right to create a judicial system and to recruit and arm a civilian—but not military—police force.

Military Security. To assure that the entity is a threat neither to Israel nor to neighboring Jordan, its sovereignty would be partially limited. It would be unable

to enter into alliances or military pacts. It would be barred from establishing an army, air force and navy. It would not be permitted to acquire combat aircraft, tanks, mortars, artillery or missiles. Such restrictions on sovereignty are not unique. Japan's military forces, for example, are limited by its constitution, while Austria's are curbed by an international treaty.

To make certain that the terms of demilitarization are respected and to provide early warning of a potential Arab attack that might first roll through the unprotesting West Bank, Israel would be allowed to maintain watch stations at key strategic locations inside the entity—notably sites overlooking the Jordan valley. The Israeli forces at these stations would be strictly limited in numbers and prohibited from interfering in any of the entity's internal affairs.

With the new entity stripped of the means to protect itself from outside attack, its own security would have to be guaranteed by collective or bilateral international agreements and backed up by an international peace-keeping force. This force, also presumably under U.N. auspices, would patrol airports, harbors and other points of entry to stop the smuggling of arms into the



entity. It would combat terrorism directed at the entity or Israel.

At the end of a relatively long transition period, lasting perhaps 25 years, some of the limits on the entity's sovereignty would be removed. It would have to remain demilitarized and diplomatically nonaligned, but it would be free to seek confederation with its neighbors, most likely with Jordan, some 50% of whose people are Palestinians, or even, as improbable as it now seems, with Israel.

Citizenship. All residents of the West Bank and Gaza would be entitled to become citizens of the Palestinian entity and participate in its elections. This would include, if they so choose, the 6,000 Israeli settlers now living in the two territories. Since 475,000 Arabs today hold Israeli citizenship, there is at least a precedent for Jews with roots in the West Bank to become citizens of a Palestinian state. As such, these Jewish settlers would be guaranteed freedom from economic, political or cultural discrimination. If the settlers who are there now opt to return to Israel, they would be compensated for reasonable economic loss by a special fund to which the U.S. and oil-exporting Arab states would contribute.

The main purpose of such a fund, however, would be to underwrite resettlement in the entity of Palestinian refugees now scattered throughout the Middle East. Although the 1.8 million Palestinians in the diaspora would also become citizens of the entity and thus have the theoretical right to "return" to the homeland, the entity would have the right to limit immigration according to its ability to absorb the newcomers. The entity could, and should, bar immigrants who are known terrorists. Since many Palestinians hold good jobs elsewhere in the Middle East, British experts estimate that only 500,000 or so from the diaspora would seek permanent residence in the entity. But because Palestinians everywhere would have a right to the entity's passport, they would no longer be officially stateless refugees. Not only might that satisfy their desire for a national identity, but it should also lead to the dismantling of the humiliating refugee camps in which the Palestinians have been kept by a number of Arab states.

Currently more than 40,000 West Bankers work in Israel, which also buys 65% of the West Bank's exports and provides 91% of its imports. The development of an economically healthy Palestinian entity would be almost impossible if this pattern were abruptly changed. The new state would require continued close economic links with Israel, as well as extensive ties with Jordan. Without such relations, there could be no peaceful coexistence between Israel and the entity. Israel, Jordan and the entity would be strongly encouraged to form an economic and customs union—a mini-Common Market—that could serve as the precursor to a formal political alliance.



Robaye Ali and Ismail at independence commemoration in South Yemen

THE YEMENS

Murder and Menace

Double deaths in a crisis zone

Even for the Arabian peninsula, where the art of politics still involves tribal feuds, intrigue, murder and bloody coups, it was an extraordinary week: within 48 hours the Presidents of both North Yemen (the Yemen Arab Republic) and South Yemen (the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen) were killed. The double deaths mean political instability for the two neighboring states at the southwestern tip of the Arabian peninsula. Both countries are strategically important for they can control access to the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, through which pass tankers carrying 60% of the oil used by Western Europe and Israel.

The violence began in San'a, the sleepy capital of increasingly prosperous North Yemen, which is heavily subsidized by Saudi Arabia. North Yemen had been taking tentative steps toward union with the Marxist regime in impoverished South Yemen, which was a British colony until leftist insurgents gained its freedom in 1967. Seeking to kindle the spirit of friendship, North Yemen's President Ahmed Hussein Ghashmi, 37, prepared to welcome an envoy sent by his South Yemen counterpart, Salem Robaye Ali, 43. Unknown to the visiting diplomat, however, his black leather briefcase, which actually contained Robaye Ali's proposals for a possible merger of the two states, had somehow been switched with one that contained a bomb. When the envoy opened the case in Ghashmi's office, the explosion killed both men.

Blaming South Yemen for the murder, North Yemen immediately broke off relations. President Robaye Ali, however, had nothing to do with the assassination. The man behind the bomb, Western and Arab observers suspect, may have been

Robaye Ali's longtime rival, Abdel Fattah Ismail, 38, an ardently pro-Soviet member of South Yemen's Presidential Council.

Scarcely were relations with the North broken when South Yemen's "People's Militia" and troops loyal to Ismail attacked the presidential palace in Aden and overwhelmed. Robaye Ali's army guard Ismail was left in control after the hapless President was shot by a firing squad.

Robaye Ali and Ismail had bitterly differed on recent policy issues. Ismail opposed unification unless the North turned Marxist. He also approved the strong influence of Moscow and Havana on South Yemen. Robaye Ali wanted to keep Aden's diplomatic options more open, seeking better relations with the West, he sent "warm greetings" to Jimmy Carter. The two rivals also disagreed about South Yemen's role in the Horn of Africa. Robaye Ali, who had ordered 1,000 paratroopers to assist Ethiopia against Somalia in the Ogaden, did not want to use his soldiers against guerrillas in the breakaway province of Eritrea. Ismail did.

The ascendancy of the fanatic **MAFIAK** Ismail, who has boasted of defeating all "enemies of the revolution" with his People's Militia, strengthens Moscow's hand in the Arab world's only avowedly Marxist state. Aden has replaced the Somali port of Berbera as the chief Russian naval base in the area. Soviet air force planes use the former British airstrips at Ras Karma and Muri. Large underground arms depots have been constructed to store weapons that can be rushed to pro-Communist movements in black Africa.

Ismail may need outside help to consolidate his hold over the country. South Yemen's Prime Minister Ali Nasser Mohammed Hasani is described by one knowing U.S. observer as a "self-serving opportunist." Defense Minister Ali Antar, the third man in the country's new troika, is—in the words of this diplomat—no better than "a dumb thug."

FRANCE

Napoleon Is Bombed at Versailles

Breton nationalists wreck a symbol of French "imperialism"

The explosion sounded like a belated, booming finale to the fireworks display at the Palace of Versailles. Thus, when an agitated watchman telephoned the local police station one night last week, the *flâneur* at first assumed that his report of a bomb blast was just another complaint by an angry Versailles resident about the racket over at the château. Earlier that evening, 50,000 people had trekked out to the magnificent 17th century palace—home of France's royal court until the revolution of 1789—for a fireworks festival celebrating the arrival of summer. While Roman candles and rockets cannonaded across Versailles' famed formal gardens, one visitor secreted a time bomb in a cupboard in the château's south wing. The blast, which went off some time around 2 a.m., was verified by the police one half-hour later when a squad car made a routine check of the palace.

A spokesman for President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing called the bombing "a deplorable injury to an essential part of the French heritage." Indeed, the château that was once the residence of the Bourbon kings is now one of France's major tourist attractions. Ten galleries displaying some of the country's greatest art treasures were damaged. A huge hole gaped in the floor of a hall devoted to art of the Napoleonic era. Chandeliers lay in a carpet of crystal shards. Rare Louis-Philippe furniture and exquisite ornamental paneling were reduced to matchsticks. Busts of the great men of France's past were broken. Seriously harmed were six paintings of Napoleon, including a 10-ft. by 20-ft. oil by Jean-Baptiste Debret entitled *The First Bestowal of the Legion of Honor in the Invalides*. Probable cost of repairing the damage: \$1 million.

Said the inconsolable chief curator of the Versailles Museum, Gérard Van der Kemp: "There has never been an attack on Versailles since the reign of Louis

XIV." The palace, which is located about twelve miles west of Paris, had remained unscathed during the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870, as well as during the first and second World Wars. Responsibility for the bombing was claimed by three extremist groups: Unemployment International, the Revolutionary Worker Group and a military wing of the Breton Liberation Front. French authorities took the Breton claim seriously. A telephone tip turned up a letter from the Breton Republican Army. Signed *Yenn ar sonn* (Little Salamander in the Breton language, which is related to Welsh), the letter said that the attack had been carried out because "the Breton people are oppressed: the land of Brittany is occupied by French military camps; the Breton language and culture are denied and destroyed by the imperialist French power." At week's end two Breton separatists were arrested and confessed to the bombing.

Organized in 1966, the Breton Liberation Front is dedicated to achieving independence for the estimated 1 million Bretons in France who are ethnically and linguistically related to the Celts of ancient Britain. In the past twelve years, Breton militants have attacked 206 symbols of French "imperialism," including the city hall of Rennes in Brittany, state radio and TV centers, a nuclear power plant, and military and police barracks. Presumably, the Bretons singled out the treasures of the Napoleonic era because of the Emperor's untrammeled imperialist ambitions. The Breton nationalists have attempted to stir up support for their cause among other regional independence movements in France, including those in Alsace, Réunion, Guadeloupe and Corsica. But last week's bombing of Versailles was bound to backfire on Corsica: there the island's most celebrated native son, Napoleon Bonaparte, is still a national hero.

Tattered shreds of *First Bestowal of the Legion of Honor in the Invalides*



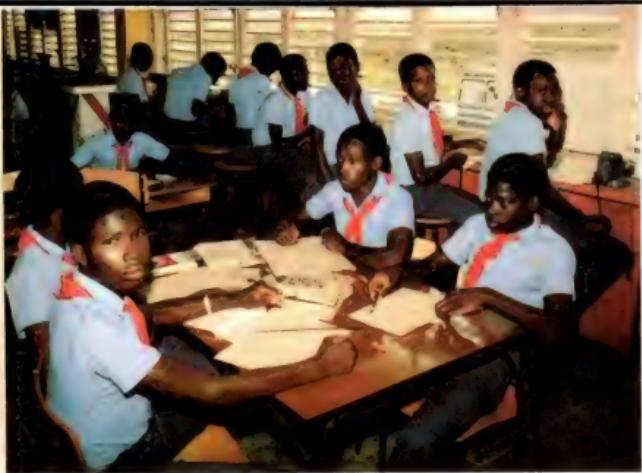
Museum official examines bombed artwork



Damaged painting of Napoleon in Egypt

Restoration director assessing repair cost





Angolan children at Cuba's Agostinho Neto School on the Isle of Pines



Uniformed students march from Neto School

CUBA

"Comrade Fidel Wants You"

Young Cubans carry on the revolution at home and abroad

President Carter has accused Moscow of using the Cubans as surrogates to interfere in "the internal affairs of Africa." Zbigniew Brzezinski has denounced the Cubans as "international marauders" who are doing the Kremlin's dirty work in the Third World. But Premier Fidel Castro's escalating military involvement in Africa has some homegrown and homefront benefit, as TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Stratfor Talbott discovered on an eleven-day visit to Cuba. His report:

Castro's famous beard is flecked with gray. His green fatigues are artfully tailored to all but conceal a midriff bulge. Cuba's "maximum leader" will turn 52 in August. He has ruled Cuba for 19 years. Fully 45% of his 9.7 million subjects were born after Fidel and his guerrilla band came down from the Sierra Maestra and marched triumphantly into Havana.

Cuba's population is young, but its revolution, like its leader, is facing middle age. Castro and his comrades are afraid that the youth, untested in struggle and cosseted by the socialist state, will grow up soft and complacent. Officials in Havana say frankly that one reason for sending young Cubans on what they call "internationalist missions" to Angola, Ethiopia and other embattled Third World countries is to give them a taste of the way their elders fought against the government troops of Dictator Fulgencio Batista in the 1950s and against U.S.-backed invaders at the Bay of Pigs in 1961.

Says Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, 65: "Compared to what my generation and Fidel's knew, life nowadays is easy, and this easiness may bring about

a certain weakness." Then, getting in a dig at Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists, Rodriguez adds: "We don't believe in solving this problem with a cultural revolution, parading people around with dunce caps on their heads. We believe that internationalist tasks help the revolution because they are important in the political character-building and moral mobilization of our youth." Cuban propaganda on posters and radio broadcasts stresses youth and youthful militancy. "Young Cuba to the Barricades in the Fight against Neocolonialism and Oppression," proclaims a billboard on a highway east of Havana.

The government built four boarding schools for Angolan and Mozambican teen-agers on the Isle of Pines off the south coast of Cuba. At one of the schools, named after Angolan President Agostinho Neto, a class of uniformed children,

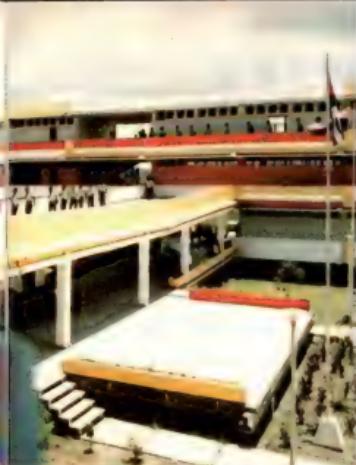
many of them war orphans, greet "comrade visitors" by snapping to attention, giving a clenched-fist salute, and chanting: "Long live the Angolan Revolution! We have survived our own Bay of Pigs in Africa. The struggle continues, the victory certain. Fatherland or death!" They march in military fashion from their classrooms to their dormitory, and from there to nearby citrus groves to pick grapefruit.

In addition to the four schools for Africans (a fifth, for Ethiopian children, is due to open soon), the island is dotted with boarding schools for 20,000 Cuban students; all these institutes combine an academic curriculum with manual labor and ideological training. Part of their educational program, says Roberto Ogando, a political leader on the island, is "to learn that as members of a controlled democracy they have an obligation to work—and if necessary even to fight—with their hands." In keeping with the Isle of Pines' conversion from an agricultural community (and prison colony) into a kind of incubator for Cuba's post-revolutionary generation, the local authorities want to change its name to the Isle of Youth.

In late July and early August, Havana will be host to 16,000 Communist and left-wing students from around the world (including 400 Americans) at a World Youth Festival dedicated to the theme of "anti-imperialist solidarity." Brigades of volunteers from the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, as Cuba's auxiliary political watchdog apparatus is called, are working six days a week to spruce up the capital for what promises to be a giant pep rally on behalf of national liberation movements—and, by implication, on behalf of Cuba's own policy of armed intervention in Africa. "We must be reminded from time to time that keeping our own revolution alive does not mean just study and consolidation," says



Cuban Premier Fidel Castro in Havana
A leader and a revolution face middle age.



to dorms; at right, Cuban and Angolan flags



Soviet freighter *Fizik Kurchatov* [Physicist Kurchatov] in Havana harbor

Jesus Sais, a statistics major at the University of Havana. "It also means struggle and sacrifice for the sake of other people's revolutions."

Of the estimated 46,000 Cubans now in Africa, about 8,000 are civilians. Cuban doctors and paramedics provide much of the medical service in Angola and virtually all of it on the islands of São Tomé and Príncipe, a Democratic Republic that was once a Portuguese colony. There are Cuban engineering teams all over the continent. In Angola, nearly 800 Cuban teachers are running makeshift schools under the impressive banner of "The Che Guevara Internationalist Pedagogical Detachment." More Peace Corps than Afrika Korps, most of the teachers are barely out of secondary school themselves. Their average age is 19, and they are paid just 30 pesos (about \$40) a month.

Cuban officials insist that both the civilian and military personnel in Africa are volunteers. Maybe so, but a young Cuban faces a formidable battery of social and governmental pressures to answer the call "Comrade Fidel wants you." A Ha-

vana resident described how authorities picked volunteers in the small town where a relative lives: "They lined up the young men and asked those who were willing to go to Africa to raise their hands. Anyone who didn't raise his hand was then told to explain why—and he better have a pretty good excuse, like illness or hardship in the family. Otherwise, he'd get a reputation for shirking his responsibilities. The vigilance subcommittee of the C.D.R. (Committees for the Defense of the Revolution) would keep an especially close eye on him."

There are also more positive incentives. "It is considered a great merit to have participated in an internationalist mission," says Filipe Suárez, 48, a C.D.R. official. "It is understood that someone who gives up a year or so of his life to help in Africa will be guaranteed his old job back." More to the point, many young Cubans, especially those with higher education, have difficulty finding work after they finish school, and they know a certificate of African service will help them on their return. Because of a postrevolutionary baby boom and the success of Castro's anti-literacy campaign, the Cuban job market is glutted. Concedes Minister of Education José Ramón Fernández Álvarez: "We are educating more people than we have jobs for immediately. The reason is that the majority of those who are graduating today could not have gone to university at all before the revolution." Nor is the Cuban army suffering from a shortage of recruits because of the African commitment. This year 100,000 Cuban males will turn 17, the age of military service. That is 30,000 more than 10 years ago.

The African involvement has offered Cuba a kind of safety valve for its burgeoning problem of youth unemployment. The financial cost of that involvement is underwritten almost entirely by the So-

viets Union (see box). And not just young men apply for African duty. Says Vilma Espín, 46, head of the Federation of Cuban Women and wife of Fidel's brother, Defense Minister Raúl Castro: "At the height of the war in Angola, we had thousands of letters from women of all ages, including ones in their 70s, asking to go as cooks. One of the most important changes in Cuba since the revolution is that women who were afraid to go out of their houses 20 years ago are now requesting permission to go on internationalist missions."

Some Cuban cynics question the ideological purity of the applicants. Says one: "Sure, there are a lot of people who are fascinated by the idea of going abroad, even if it's to fight. That's exciting, and life here is not exciting. It's also a way to get ahead when you come home. Africa is a ticket out of here and a good return-ticket home, too." Vice President Rodríguez admits that at first Cuba's civilian contingents abroad "looked like a kind of correctional institution, filled with delinquents, undesirables, homosexuals—even Jehovah's Witnesses. That was a distortion of our



Feminist Leader Vilma Espín
Women cooks for a war in Angola



Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodríguez
No parades with dunce caps

WE MADE IT SMALL WITHOUT MAKING IT SMALL.

Aspen offers a lot of things that are good about big cars... in addition to a lot of things that people like about small cars. By every measurement, Aspen is sized right... engineered right...priced right.

Aspen's small-car gas mileage.

EPA estimates for our new Aspen wagon are 25 MPG highway and 18 MPG city when it's equipped with a 225 one-barrel six-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Our new Aspen sedan does even better with the same engine and transmission: 28 MPG highway and 20 MPG city. Of course, your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car and its equipment. In California, automatic transmission is required and mileage is lower.



But we think you see what we mean about small-car mileage.

Aspen's small-car price.

It's easy to find some smaller wagons with a larger price than our wagon. The nicely turned out Aspen below, for example, has a price of just \$4294, as you see it, excluding taxes and destination charges. So you see, Aspen gives you plenty of opportunity to order your favorite equipment without compromising your budget.

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When you drive our Aspen, you'll notice how confidently and quietly it handles the road. Much of this is due to Aspen's carefully engineered isolated transverse front suspension

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Once you get inside the Aspen wagon, you'll be impressed by such big-car dimensions as the 43.3 inches between wheelhouses and the over 5100 square inches of glass area. If you prefer sedans, however, be aware that Aspen thinks big, too. It offers true six-people accommodation plus more total passenger room—front and back—than Ford Fairmont or Mercury Zephyr.

Important words about resale value.

All of this big-car/small-car thinking has obviously made its mark on Aspen's value. Because a 1977 Aspen wagon currently retains a greater percent of its original sticker price, model for

model, than any other 1977 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick or Ford wagon. That's straight from the May 10, 1978, issue of the authoritative *Automotive Market Report*.

And that makes Aspen a very enticing proposition whether you plan to buy or lease your next new car. Surely enticing enough for you to come into your Dodge Dealer's and find out the secret of making a small car behave like a big car.

NEW DODGE



\$4294.

Sticker price, as shown. Excluding taxes and destination charges



SMALLER FEELS BIGGER IN AN ASPEN.

World

purpose. Some people falsified their papers or exchanged papers with their comrades so that they could go. Now we have to pick and choose carefully, since we have no difficulty getting volunteers."

One reason is that while a tour in Africa is hardship duty, the odds are still good that a young Cuban will survive the experience. So far the number of Cuban soldiers who have died in Africa is relatively small. The exact statistics are secret, but a top Cuban official says that those killed number "only in the hundreds." Knowledgeable Western sources put the figure at 1,000 or slightly more.

In proportion to its population, Cuba has more of its sons—and daughters—in Africa fighting for international Marxism than the U.S. had fighting against that cause at the height of its involvement in Viet Nam. Yet to date, Cuban battlefield fatalities have been light compared to American losses in Viet Nam.

That situation could change drastically if Cuban troops were to be drawn into the civil war between the Ethiopian regime of Mengistu Haile Mariam and the well-armed secessionist rebels of Eritrea, or if Cuban units should find themselves in pitched battles against South African

or Rhodesian army units. If the amount of Cuban blood spilled in Africa should increase dramatically, Castro might have to resort to officially conscripting soldiers for African duty. Privately, a number of Cuban officials admit that their routing of the Somali invaders of Ethiopia last spring was a walkover, but that there are no more easy victories in Africa. They also concede that while Castro and his legion of "internationalist fighters" may still be, by their lights, on solid ideological and military ground in Africa, they could be only a few false steps away from their own Viet Nam-like quagmire. ■

The Moscow Connection

While Fidel Castro has his own reasons for sending Cubans to Africa, he could not do so without huge and constant transfusions of Soviet aid. Western experts estimate that Russia now pumps the equivalent of about \$6 million a day into Cuba. That figure includes outright grants, subsidies and technical aid. The U.S.S.R. sells Cuba 190,000 bbl. of oil per day at about half the world price and buys 3.5 million tons per year of Cuban sugar at four times the world price (currently 7¢ per lb.), paying partly with what Cuba needs most: hard currency.

Cuba also gets virtually all of its formidable military arsenal free from the Soviet Union. Fifty Soviet pilots are flying defense patrols for the Cuban air force. Soviet technicians are everywhere; there are more than 400 at one nickel mining and processing facility in eastern Cuba. Teams of Russian electrical specialists have fanned out around the countryside to erect high-tension wires as part of a new nationwide power grid. The Russians are involved in every section of Cuban industry and agriculture and most government ministries, notably including the Ministry of Interior and its espionage branch, the DGI (General Directorate of Intelligence), which works hand in glove with the Soviet KGB.

The Soviets make a point of appearing to keep away from MINRELX, the Ministry of External Relations, as the Cuban State Department is called. Both Moscow and Havana want to generate the impression that Castro calls his own shots in foreign policy.

The Russian ambassador, Nikita Tolubeyev, is a member of the Soviet Central Committee and dean of the diplomatic corps, but he is certainly no high commissioner. He is generally regarded by Cuban and foreign contacts alike as a mostly ornamental, rather ineffectual apparatchik and errand boy. In fact, Tolubeyev has complained to his home office that he has difficulty getting access

to Fidel. One reason may be that after more than seven years in Havana, Tolubeyev has yet to learn more than a smattering of Spanish. When Fidel wants to coordinate his signals with the Kremlin, he does so by dispatching to Moscow his brother, Defense Minister Raul, or Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, his principal foreign policy



Soviet-made missiles and launchers parade in Havana beneath pantheon of Cuban heroes
Their hosts regard the Russians as unsavory but indispensable allies.

adviser Rodriguez visited Moscow six times last year and huddled with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the United Nations in May.

The large Soviet presence in Cuba—approximately 8,000 civilians and 2,000 military advisers—is more tolerated than welcomed by most Cubans. Privately, Havanans complain that the Soviets tend to behave boorishly. They live in luxury apartments and hotels, many of which were built with American Mafia money in the '50s, and they venture out into the city in busloads to

storm the few stores where there is anything to buy. The Russians also have a reputation for showing ill-disguised contempt toward Cuba's large black and mulatto population. At a May 5 town meeting in Spokane, Wash., President Carter commented that Soviet adventurism in Africa is doomed to fail because of the Russians' "innate racism." Says one Cuban pointedly: "I object to Carter's use of the word 'innate'."

However unsavory the Cubans may

find the Russians as people, they regard them as indispensable allies. The central fact of Cuban economic life is the 16-year-old U.S. trade embargo, or "blockade," as the Cubans call it. One of the political realities that make Castro's brand of totalitarianism easier for the Cubans to accept is the looming hostility of Cuba's giant neighbor to the north. As long as Russia keeps the island economically afloat and helps man its defenses, Moscow will have infinitely more influence than Washington on Castro's policy in Africa—or anywhere else.

World

RHODESIA

Savagery and Terror

Salisbury's problem, as always, is that it cannot stop the war

Under a bright winter sun, twelve victims of a brutal massacre in eastern Rhodesia were buried last week in graves shadowed by the jacaranda trees of Umhlanga municipal cemetery. The victims were either white missionaries or the relatives of missionaries, and they included three small children and a three-week-old baby. All had been killed in an attack by guerrillas based in neighboring Mozambique; several of the bodies had been mutilated. The Rev. Ronald Chapman, head of the Elim Pentecostal Mission, where the massacre took place, prayed for mercy for "those who perpetrated this act of shame." Later he spoke more bluntly: "I had to identify the bodies," he said. "I would not have treated an animal in the way these people were treated."

The Elim massacre—the most savage assault on whites in Rhodesia's history—was part of a rising tide of violence that threatens to engulf the breakaway British colony. Only days after Elim, two German Jesuits were killed by black nationalist guerrillas at St. Rupert's Mission, 90 miles west of Salisbury, bringing the black and white civilian death toll to almost 600 so far this year. The guerrillas have also suffered losses—not all of them in raids and counter-attacks by the Rhodesian army. In nearby Zambia, a top lieutenant to Joshua Nkomo, one of the co-leaders of the Patriotic Front, was killed by a land mine last week, the result, said the Zambian government, of a factional rivalry within the Nkomo camp. The victim was Alfred Mangena, 35. His predecessor, Jason Moyo, had been killed by a letter bomb two years ago, also because of intra-Front rivalries, and Mangena himself had been wounded in an assassination attempt earlier this year.

At the beginning of the war, the killings of white missionaries had seemed, in most cases, to be merely part of the prevailing violence. The latest rash of murders suggests that the guerrillas are now killing missionaries in an effort to create panic among Rhodesia's remaining whites, particularly in rural areas. Since whites are now leaving the country at the rate of 1,000 a month, that brutal plan may be having some success.

More than most other-whites in the country, the foreign missionaries face a cruel dilemma. Although their schools, churches and health centers primarily serve Rhodesia's blacks, nearly

40 missionaries have been killed by the guerrillas since 1972; almost as many others have been expelled by a government that demands immediate reports on terrorist activity. "If you talk, you die, and if you don't, you go to prison," says an Irish Catholic sister who now works in Salisbury; her mission station was burned to the ground three months ago. Nearly 80% of all Catholic missionary work has come to a halt. Says a Protestant missionary: "We are now caretakers, not evangelists. I make no bones about it. We're running scared."

The plain fact is that the internal settlement, which was ratified three months ago by former Prime Minister Ian Smith and three black moderates, is not working, and for the reason widely forecast: it left the Patriotic Front guerrillas on the outside looking in. Says an adviser to Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the most popular of the black politicians in the interim government: "The root cause of the problem today is that the country has no leader. For 13 years the whites had Smith, and before that there was a succession of strong white leaders. In earlier times, before the

Europeans arrived, the blacks had strong chiefs. We don't have four leaders today; we have none. Smith has given up the strings of power but no one has taken his place."

On a range of matters, the interim government has worked reasonably well. A dispute flared briefly over the firing of a black Justice Minister who complained publicly that there were so few blacks holding senior positions in the civil service and police. Since then, according to veteran civil servants, the level of cooperation between black and white ministers sharing the same portfolio has been generally high. But the real test is whether the blacks on Rhodesia's governing Executive Council—Bishop Muzorewa, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Chief Jeremiah Chirau—can pull off a cease-fire; the evidence so far strongly suggests they cannot. They still routinely invite Patriotic Front Leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo to return home and participate in free elections, but with little result. Nkomo replied recently that he would turn the ballot boxes into military targets. Free elections were supposed to be held before the end of the year, but with the military situation getting worse by the day, the voting seems more remote than ever.

What happens next? Presumably, Ian Smith now recognizes that his principal black partners in the interim government, Muzorewa and Sithole, are of no practical use to him in ending the war. There is pressure on the government to participate in a round of all-party talks, as proposed months ago by the British and American governments. The first priority of such a meeting would be to bring about a cease-fire. Presumably, neither Mugabe nor Nkomo would accept one unless they thought they had a very good chance of dominating a new government.

Smith has consistently expressed skepticism about the value of further talks with the black nationalists, despite his private conviction that Nkomo would be the best black Prime Minister of a new government. Under the terms of the Salisbury Agreement, the white electorate must vote in a referendum whether to accept that settlement. As a last-ditch maneuver, Smith could conceivably use this provision as an excuse to declare the March 3 agreement null and void and to restore himself as Rhodesia's Prime Minister. The risk of that course, obviously, is that it might well drive the black moderate leaders and their supporters over to the guerrillas' side.



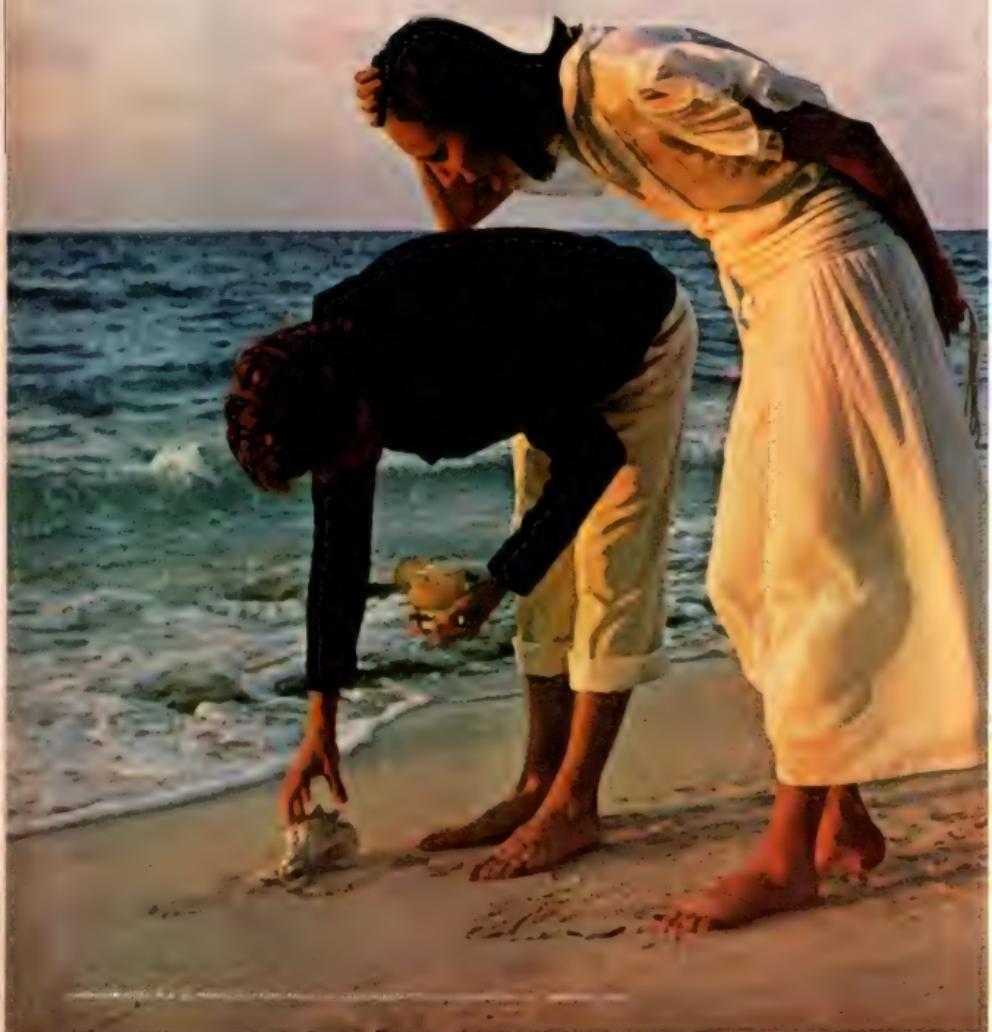
Mourners attending funeral service for victims of Elim massacre

"If you talk, you die. If you don't, you go to prison."

Smile.
Fotomat makes
it so easy.



Peace of Su



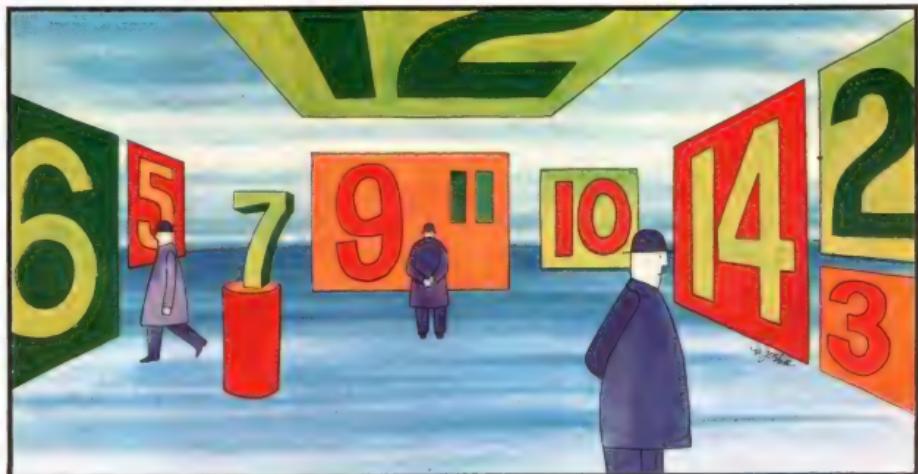
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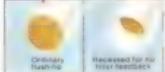
You're right at the edge of the day, skirting the edge of things, thinking thoughts, eyes and feelings open. For such a lovely, suspended moment, we have a nice idea: crystal-clear Smirnoff splashed in tonic, or used to refine a glass of fresh orange juice or iced tea. It's like having a camera ready at precisely the right instant.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless

There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."

 As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar buildup flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback."

All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



Parliament



10 mg
Kings
12 mg
100's

Low-tar Parliament

More than just a low-tar number.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—

100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

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Education

Learning to Excel in School

Jesse Jackson tells black teens: "Nobody can save us but us"

An imposing man with the build of a football player and the command of a general strides onstage in the high school auditorium. Immediately, the audience falls silent. He captures the students expertly, first soothing them with his soft, sensuous voice, then whipping them into a frenzy with a quickening cadence. "We can be as good in academics as in athletics," he shouts, "but we've got to believe we are somebody." Repeat after me. I am somebody." Hundreds of teenagers rise to their feet, chanting. "I may be poor, but I am somebody. I may be on welfare, but I am somebody. Nobody can save us for us, but us." He calls the captain of the basketball team to the stage. "If you're behind in the game, what do you do?" he asks. "Try harder," declares the hooper. "Say amen!" yells the preacher. A chorus booms back.

The pep rally is in a Chicago ghetto school; the cheerleader is none other than the Rev. Jesse Jackson (he was ordained as a Baptist minister). His style is a combination of razzle-dazzle and Southern revival meeting. But the message is a very basic version of the old Protestant work ethic: work hard and aim high. In corridors where punks push dope, Jackson pushes hope. Project EXCEL, a tough self-help regimen for students and parents alike, which reached 21 schools in Chicago, Los Angeles and Kansas City during this past school year, is turning the old ghetto battle cry of "Burn, baby, burn!" into "Work, brother, work!"

Like most other civil rights leaders in the U.S., Jackson criticized last week's Supreme Court decision admitting Allan Bakke to a University of California medical school on the ground that affirmative action programs may be harmed. Yet his message to underclass blacks is that they must learn not to rely on help from the outside; that they must take responsibility for their own upward mobility and the quality of their lives. "Too many of our schools are infested with a steady diet of violence, vandalism, drugs, intercourse without discourse, alcohol and television addiction," says he. "The result has been to breed a passive and superficial generation."

Constantly on the road speaking to teenage groups, the National PTA Convention, the National Baptist Convention and, this week, to the National Education Association convention in Dallas, Jackson misses no opportunity to argue the need for a return to traditional values. "Only by re-establishing moral authority—that is, our believability, our trustworthiness, our caring—can we demand discipline and have it perceived as

therapy and not punishment," declares Jackson.

Since Jackson blames an abdication of responsibility for the downfall of standards in U.S. schools, his strategy calls for renewed cooperation among students, teachers and parents. "We get parents to pledge four things: to meet with the child's teacher and exchange phone numbers, to pick up report cards four times a year, to pick up test scores and to make sure that their children study two hours a night without radio or television. We know that when parents' interest increases, the student's effort increases." Jackson is also advocating dress codes and student deco-

schools, boys have given up wearing the broad-brimmed hats that are the marks of the street-wise. At a Los Angeles EXCEL high school, the Friday absentee rate has dropped from 35% to under 12%, and there has not been a fight in four months. Not all of this is Jackson's doing, but he is helping to pass the message.

Part of the reason for Jackson's success is that he symbolizes black brotherhood. Jackson was beside Martin Luther King Jr. when he died; he fought for jobs for blacks in Chicago's Operation Breadbasket twelve years ago and, at age 36, he has smoothed some of the rougher edges of his younger years and acquired substantial authority within the civil rights movement. He is also the father of five children, ages 2 to 14, and knows about the problems they face. Few others, particularly whites, could emerge as



Jesse Jackson congratulates June graduates at Orr High School in Chicago. *Work hard, aim high, and only then can one walk through the doors of opportunity.*

rum to help restore school discipline and pride.

Many young apostles seem to be espousing Jackson's creed. During the 1976-77 school year in Kansas City's Central High School, an average of 500 students out of 1,300 were absent each day. Last month the absenteeism was down to 200 students a day. A student pride association raised money to carpet the auditorium, paint murals on the walls and plant trees.

EXCEL high schools in Los Angeles and Chicago are enjoying similar benefits: less graffiti, fewer fights, a reduction in thefts. In Chicago's Marshall High School, where city cops not so long ago were keeping students from knifing one another, the police are becoming counselors. Another indication of the turnaround at Marshall is a sharp increase in the number of students choosing advanced English, math and science courses as electives. In many Chicago high

schools, boys have given up wearing the broad-brimmed hats that are the marks of the street-wise. At a Los Angeles EXCEL high school, the Friday absentee rate has dropped from 35% to under 12%, and there has not been a fight in four months. Not all of this is Jackson's doing, but he is helping to pass the message.

And critics Some charge that Jackson's grandstanding is all that EXCEL has at least as a "program." In Chicago, EXCEL's national headquarters, the program employs only two staffers and several secretaries. There are four staffers in Kansas City and two in Los Angeles, where EXCEL faces extinction as a result of Proposition 13. Many black community leaders feel that Jackson is making things too easy for whites by putting unfair responsibility on the deprived for their deprivation. Jackson's response: "Slave masters never freely give up their power. The slaves have to rise up and cast off their oppressors." In fact, when asked a question Jackson nearly always responds with a well-rehearsed slogan or a ministerial platitude. Debate with him is difficult. Says Alice Blair, superintendent of Chicago's District 13: "You can't

knock gimmick because it does work with kids. But you can't do anything without good principals who are motivated to change things."

Blair should know. Three years ago, before Jackson began his ministry to education, she was already requiring the teacher-parent cooperation that has been espoused by EXCEL. In other Chicago schools, principals have simply folded Jackson into their own plans, and he serves as a willing catalyst. Without the help of EXCEL, a teacher at all-black Marshall High School started an interschool academic olympics on a small basis a year ago. This spring, 20,000 students from eight high schools competed. In Detroit, ten students at Pelham Junior High, once considered a problem school, went to Louisville to win a national math olympiad. Among the reasons for their victory: individualized student instruction and parental supervision.

If teachers and school administrators do not see Jackson as a messiah, they

nonetheless praise him for his role as a kind of Moses. Away from crowds the fiery phrase maker admits, "I think that all you can do is light a fire for change and then hope that it will keep burning." Says Ken Van Spankeren, principal of Chicago's Orr High School: "When I speak to the students about being great, about excelling, I can refer to Jesse's speeches, to his inspiration, and that means a lot to the students."

Even better, Jackson and Project EXCEL have drawn national attention to the fact that reform of inner-city schools, often regarded as hopeless, actually can be achieved. H.W. has awarded EXCEL \$400,000 next year to expand into four more cities, and the National Institute of Education is funding a study to determine EXCEL's effectiveness. Indeed students everywhere can learn a lesson from Jesse Jackson: "When the doors of opportunity swing open, we must make sure that we are not too drunk or too indifferent to walk through."

Quotations from a Spellbinder

One of the secrets of Jesse Jackson's success is his skill at coining catchy phrases. Some excerpts from Jackson at his quotable best:

► There is nothing wrong with our genes, but there is something wrong with our agenda.

► Both tears and sweat are wet and salty, but they render a different result. Tears will get you sympathy, but sweat will get you change.

► You can't plant the seed and pick the fruit the next morning.

► We need a value system that will allow us to fulfill our essential human and humane tasks—to be producers, to be providers and to be protectors.

► If we are to lift ourselves out of this morass, we must shift our sights from the superficial to the sacrificial.

► If a young man or a woman goes to any state university in this country for four years, it will cost less than \$20,000. But if he or she goes to the state penitentiary for four years, it will cost slightly more than \$50,000.

► We must contrast the politics of the five B's—blacks, browns, budgets, bus-
ing and balance—with the five A's—attention, attendance, atmosphere, attitude and achievement.

► Many of us allow our children to eat junk, watch junk, listen to junk, talk junk, play with junk, and then we're

surprised when they come out to be social junkies.

► If we sow short-term pleasure, we will reap long-term pain. But if we sow short-term pain, we will reap long-term pleasure.

► A school system without parents at its foundation is just like a bucket with a hole in it.

► No teacher can teach in a moral vacuum. It doesn't matter how high you score on the test or how many degrees you have or how much tenure you have if you come to school as late as you can, leave as early as you can, make as much as you can, and then sit on your can.

► Parents must make room in their hearts and then in their house and then in their schedule for their children. No poor parent is too poor to do that, and no middle-class parent is too busy.

► If Johnny can't learn because he is hungry, that's the fault of poverty. But if Johnny can't pay attention because he is sleepy, that's the fault of parents.

► Children must know that it is not their aptitude but their attitude that will determine their attitude.

► You're not a man because you can make a baby. It takes a man to raise one. Girls can have a baby, but it takes a woman to raise one.

► What does it matter if we have a new book or an old book, if we open neither?



Jesse Jackson

Milestones

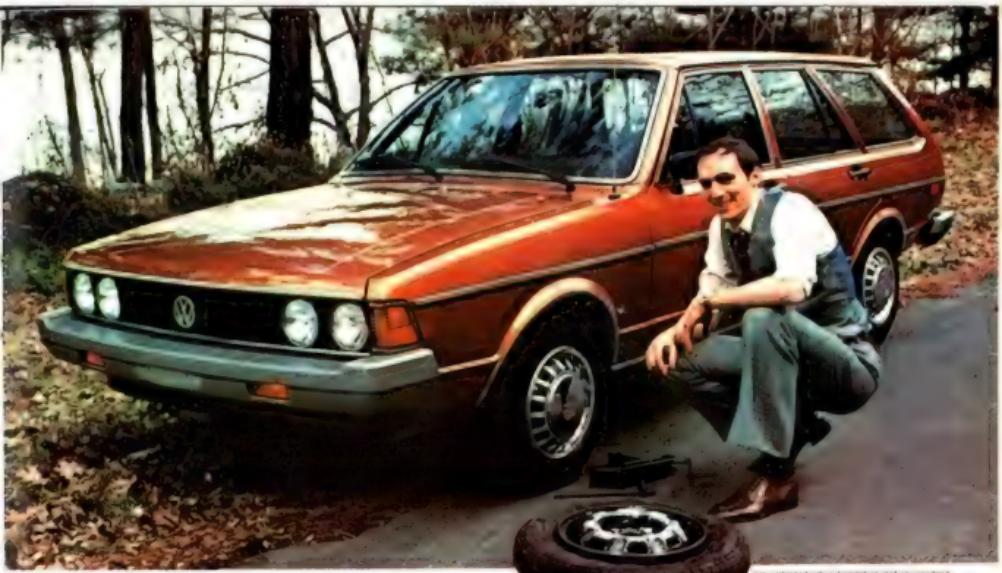
EXPECTING. Twiggy, 28, London's wispy, doe-eyed model turned singer, and **Michael Witney**, her actor husband; their first child, in November. Twiggy, who is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighed 91 lbs. at the height of her career, has now ballooned to 112 lbs., and is embarking on a diet to stave off pregnancy pounds. She faces childbirth philosophically: "It's all a bit scary in a way because it's the first one. But then people have them in forests and rice fields, don't they? And they all seem to manage."

MARRIED. Prince Michael of Kent, 36, hand-some first cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, whose diversions have included international bobsledding and fast cars; and **Baroness Marie-Christine von Reibeltz**, 33, an aristocratic Austrian interior designer; he for the first time, she for the second; in Vienna. Because his bride is a Roman Catholic (her first marriage was annulled). Prince Michael was obliged under the Act of Succession of 1700 to renounce his place as 16th in line to the British throne.

DIED. **Bob Crane**, 49, genial star of television's long-running comedy series *Hogan's Heroes*; of repeated blows to the head by an unknown assailant in his hotel room; in Scottsdale, Ariz., where he was appearing in a play. Crane found success first as a dance-band and symphony drummer, then as a clowning disc jockey. In 1965 he abandoned a \$150,000-a-year radio post on KNX in Los Angeles to risk acting in a new CBS-TV comedy series about American prisoners of war in a German concentration camp. The show was an unexpected smash, and Crane, as the P.O.W.'s brash, resourceful ringleader, Colonel Hogan, became one of the most familiar faces on television.

DIED. **Mstislav Keldysh**, 67, prominent Russian mathematician who helped shape his country's space program; in Moscow. His own research centered on rocketry and spacecraft, but as chief of the Soviet Academy of Sciences from 1961-75, Keldysh oversaw a national network of scientific projects and organizations. His working knowledge of English helped him maintain contacts with many Western scientists, and he professed a desire for Soviet-American cooperation in space research.

DIED. **Clifford Dupont**, 72, first President of Rhodesia after the African country established itself as a republic in 1970; of cancer; in Salisbury. A dapper London-born soldier who practiced law before turning to politics, Dupont helped draw up the Unilateral Declaration of Independence that first cut Rhodesia's ties with Great Britain in 1965 and reaffirmed white minority rule. As head of state under Prime Minister Ian Smith (he was, he once said, politically far to the right of Smith), he appropriated not only the powers of British Governor Sir Humphrey Gibbs but also his vintage Rolls-Royce. In 1975, he retired to tend his tobacco farm.



"THANK GOD AND THANK VOLKSWAGEN."

And we
thank Brian Regrut for
writing us the following
letter about his
Dasher.
Gentlemen,

Please pass
along my thanks
for your negative
steering axis
(or whatever it is
called) to your engineers back in
Germany. It helped keep me out of
big, big trouble.

Many West Virginia roads, particularly those in the southern part of the state are bad. Unfortunately, I have to travel these roads during the course of my business.

Fortunately I occasionally drive the mountains in my Dasher. (I usually drive a big company car.) The Dasher's size affords me the luxury of staying on the road when a coal truck passes in the other direction. And in the Dasher, I've always been able to dodge pot holes without spinning out of control, and to traverse the roads in bad weather with assurance.

Traveling home recently on these bad roads, the sidewall of my left front tire blew out while I was driving at about 50 miles an hour. Faced with on-coming traffic

on the left and a steep drop off the pavement on the right (40 feet down through the trees to the river), I braced for the worst. It never came. In fact I had little trouble maintaining control as I slowed to about 10 miles an hour and drove for about a quarter mile to a tiny spot where I could get most of the car off the road.

Finally, I was back on the road, thanking God that He was with me during the emergency, and thanking Volkswagen for designing a front end that helped me stay on the road.

With warm thanks,

Brian Regrut

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**



People



Henry Moore and sculpture at London's Tate Gallery

His coal-miner father never did approve of **Henry Moore's** decision to become a sculptor. Says Moore: "He was worried. He thought he would have to support me." Moore *has* done quite nicely, becoming one of the most celebrated sculptors of his century and a man whose works, often large and full of holes, have sold for as much as \$260,000. To kick off celebrations for his 80th

ment, like a person," says Moore. "That's why I like my large sculptures to be sited with trees and water, where they can get a change of light." How would the octogenarian-to-be describe his works? "If you could put it in words," says Moore, "there would be no need for the sculpture."

The role made **Elizabeth Taylor** a star at 12. Now **Tatum O'Neal** is the one with the Velvet touch. The sequel to *National Velvet*, ecumenically titled *International Velvet*, premiered at Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center last week. Tatum, sweet 14 and dressed to kill in a silk suit and spike-heeled sandals, was fetchingly



O'Neal: silks and saddles

birthday. London's Tate Gallery last week invited Moore and 80 of his special friends to dinner and proudly showed off a prize acquisition: 36 Moore sculptures donated by the artist across town. Moore mania also reigned in Kensington Gardens, where Londoners flocked to see a new, permanent display of his works. "A sculpture is like a person and you must treat it like one. You must put it in its best environment."

on hand. "I didn't even want to become an actress," she confessed. "It just sort of happened."

Before he struck out in the White House, **Richard Nixon** often rooted for his favorite ball club, the California Angels, from a privileged spot in the private box of Angels Owner **Gene Autry**. Last week the former President turned up at Autry's side for the first time since Watergate, munching peanuts and hot dogs as the Angels took on the Kansas City Royals at Anaheim Stadium. Playing good sport, Nixon even gave a short State of the Game address on a local radio show, during which he made perfectly clear that **Sandy Koufax** was "the world's best pitcher" and **Ted Williams** "could hit a ball anywhere." After the game, Nixon obligingly autographed baseballs for the fans—and consoled his host. Final score: Royals 4, Angels 0.

"Now what'll you give old Lester for this genuine Pickwick fly swatter?" shouted **Lester Maddox**, 62. This remnant from the Pickwick, the ex-Governor's once racist, now defunct Atlanta restaurant, was part of the Maddox memorabilia sold at auction last week. Also on the block: WAKL UP AMERICA Lester Maddox alarm clocks. T shirts printed with the Governor's favorite expression "Phooey!" and autographed axes like those Maddox once



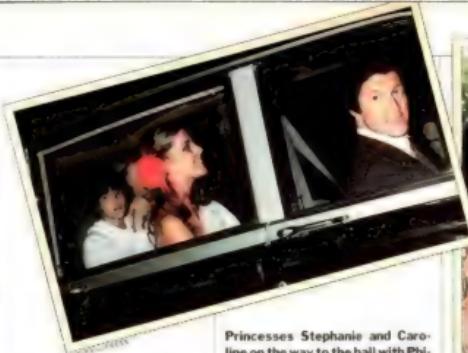
Loren as villain

gave to the band of whites helping him keep out blacks who tried to come to dinner. The aim of the auction was to pay off \$125,000 in old campaign debts from Maddox's unsuccessful second bid for the governorship in 1974. The total take? A mere \$2,500.

Ah, the hazards bravely faced by **Sophia Loren** in her new thriller *Firepower*. Careering through Caribbean banana plantations in a Jeep, getting rained on by bullets. As Adele Tasse, a housewife whose chemist husband has been murdered at the hands of a reclusive millionaire (a combination of **Robert Vesco** and **Howard Hughes**), Loren eventually winds up on the side of the bad guys for the first time in her career. "This is more intriguing," she explains. Besides, "you can't become a cliche." Which may be why Loren plans to soon deliver herself into the hands of Director and Feminist **Lina Wertmüller** to play a Neapolitan charcoal vendor—presumably one with a raised consciousness.



Owner Gene Autry and fellow sports fan at Angels game



Princesses Stephanie and Caroline on the way to the ball with Philippe. Right: the family with Junot



The father of the bride paid the bills and took home movies during the rehearsal. His son-in-law, he is said to feel, "is difficult to get to know because he doesn't talk about himself very much." The mother of the bride cried most satisfactorily, and has confided to a friend, "We felt our daughter was a bit too young to make such an important decision." The bridegroom's father allowed that now his high-rolling son had been snared by the determined young lady, he was a changed man. "I come home at 11 o'clock and find him watching television. And he takes a great deal more in-

Rainier and Grace watching the ceremony. Right: strolling to town hall

nuptial goings-on began with a little lunch for 40 given by a friend of Mother's, David Niven, at his villa in nearby Cap Ferrat, where Neighbor Gregory Peck backed his rented Mercedes into Cary Grant's parked limousine. "Guess I got my gears mixed up," apologized Peck. Over at the palace in Monaco that night there was a ball. To gain entry, the likes of Stavros Niarchos, who is into shipping, Mstislav Rostropovich, who is into cellos, and the Begum Aga Khan, who is into diamonds, along with 600 or so nobles and jet-setters, had

to queue up for a security check. It was, said one, just "as if it were a supermarket check-out counter." Inside the palace the joy was not entirely unconfined. Noted one guest: "I saw Frank Sinatra talking to Ava Gardner, and I said to myself, 'We've all gotten old.' " But Caroline wore a tiara (borrowed from her mother) and a beauteous smile.

At the civil service in the frescoed throne room, only 40 guests watched Caroline, whose hand visibly shook as she signed the marriage register. Afterward, the

couple stepped regally onto the balcony overlooking the palace courtyard, where Prince Rainier had invited a mélange of Monegasques for high tea and a reception. Also on the menu: champagne and pizza.

Next day, at the religious service outside the palace chapel, Philippe stole a kiss and Caroline cried openly. It was a double-ring ceremony, and they fumbled a good deal getting the rings on. Then, arm in arm, the newlyweds walked to Monaco's Town Hall to accept a wedding gift of a 200-piece silver service from the loyal locals.

When it was all over, the newlyweds successfully escaped from the palace undetected and were whisked away to their honeymoon site that Junot had cleverly kept secret from everyone, including Caroline. And so, as the left-wing French newspaper *Le Matin* headlined the story, "Caroline Grimaldi, whose father carried 17 titles, will become Mme Junot. What a victory for democracy!" Or for love.

MONACO, FRANCE



terest in his brothers now." Ordinary mortals, the Grimaldis and the Junots, well, not that ordinary. The wedding of a 38-year-old bachelor like Philippe Junot and a 21-year-old princess like Caroline, whose parents are a former movie star and the head of a very small state, requires some panache, after all—and plenty of *paparazzi*. Last week's pre-



Mme. Junot smiles for the album. Two members of the

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Economy & Business

Tussle Over a "Two-Bit" Tax Cut

The White House mounts a no-win war on capital gains

Jimmy Carter's much battered package of tax cuts and reforms has brought the White House nothing but headaches since it was introduced six months ago, and last week the problems multiplied still more. The trouble now is the Steiger amendment to reduce taxes on capital gains. Because of his loud but late opposition to it, the President has suddenly found himself facing potentially explosive confrontation with Congress.

The House has been chipping away

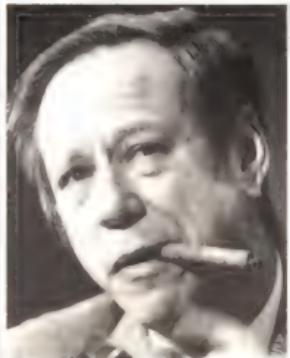
relentlessly at Carter's package. Congressional pressure has forced him to reduce the size of the tax cut he proposed from \$25 billion to \$15 billion. Meanwhile, the House Ways and Means Committee has scrapped one "reform" provision after another. Deductions have been retained for state and local sales and personal property taxes. A plan to tighten deductions for medical costs and casualty losses has been scaled back. The celebrated "three martini lunch" will remain fully deductible for businessmen.

Congressional pressure has also forced the Administration to abandon hope for enactment of the bill's capital gains provisions. The reforms, which would have raised capital gains taxes for some upper-income taxpayers, reflected Carter's populist belief that tax breaks on gains from sales of stocks and other property do little for the economy and benefit mainly wealthy investors. Though the White House would now be grudgingly content to see the tax remain at its present maximum effective rate of 49%, the Steiger amendment seeks to cut the rate to no more than 25%, the level that prevailed prior to 1970. The bill was introduced in April by Wisconsin Republican William Steiger, who has attracted broad support with his argument that a lower rate would benefit everyone by stimulating the stock market and boosting capital investment, thereby creating jobs.

The Steiger bandwagon has infuriated Carter, but not until last week did he fight

back. At his press conference, he snapped, "I will not tolerate a plan that provides huge windfalls for millionaires and two bits for the average American." Nor, he said, would he accept a watered-down version of the amendment sponsored by Oklahoma Democrat James Jones.

The most the White House seems willing to accept is a bill with a \$15 billion net cut in revenues but no reduction in the capital gains rate. At a Senate Finance Subcommittee hearing last week, Treas-



Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal
"The Millionaires' Relief Act of 1978."



Representative William A. Steiger
A taproot that is 20 feet long

What Steiger Would Do

Would the Steiger amendment benefit chiefly the rich, as the President says? Not really.

Undeniably, a cut in the capital gains tax below the present top rate of 49% would help mainly people in (or above) the 50% tax bracket, who are more likely to own stock and other assets. To be in that lofty bracket, one needs taxable income of about \$40,000 or more. But a lot of "average" taxpayers leap into the higher brackets a few times in their lives—when they sell a house, a farm, or the stock that Aunt Tillie left them, or when they collect profit-sharing or stock-purchase funds from their employers. For them, the benefits of Steiger could be significant. Examples:

► A couple in their late 50s earning \$15,000 a year rent an apartment and sell their 20-year-old home, realizing a capital gain of \$34,000. Now, they would pay a tax of \$7,709 on their total income. That would drop to \$6,659 under Steiger's plan, a saving of \$1,050.

► A family that earns \$25,000 a year sells its stock in a dry-cleaning business for a \$55,000 capital gain. At present the family's total tax would be \$17,655; with Steiger, it would drop to \$15,030, a saving of \$2,625.

► A cabbie with income of \$15,000 a year sells his taxi medallion for a profit of \$50,000. He also sells stock for \$10,000 more than he paid for it. His tax total now would be \$14,420 under Steiger; it would be \$3,000 less.

In short, the President was misleading when he thundered that the Steiger amendment would scarcely yield "two bits for the average American." Many "average" Americans have found that inflation has sent the price of their property way up, but the real value of the dollars that they collect upon selling it has gone way down. Thus it seems only fair to reduce the tax bite on capital gains. If these taxes are eased, many people who have been holding on to their property may be inclined to sell. Then everybody would benefit: the sellers would pocket profits, on which they would pay taxes, and the Treasury might well wind up with more revenue than it would otherwise collect.

sure Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal said that the Steiger amendment "should be called the Millionaires' Relief Act of 1978," a view shared by AFL-CIO President George Meany and other labor leaders. That did not especially please the six Senators present, half of whom can count their net worth in seven figures." The most heated exchanges came when Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon (net worth \$100,000) accused both Blumenthal and Carter of "demagoguery." Whereupon Blumenthal, himself a stock-option millionaire from his Bendix Corp. days, retorted, "This isn't demagoguery. It's facts." He added testily: "I'm not running for office, and I don't particularly need this job."

Carter's threat to veto any bill that lowers the capital gains rate is widely thought to be a bluff, but if positions continue to harden, he may make good on his threat. That could be calamitous. Congress almost certainly will pass some sort of cut in capital gains, but vetoing the entire bill just for this would hurt the economy. On Jan. 1, taxpayers face some \$6.6 billion in additional Social Security levies and the expiration of about \$11.5 billion in temporary income tax cuts enacted during the Ford Administration. Unless the resulting tax increases are offset by new reductions, the drain on consumer spending power could lead to a recession.

The Administration has misjudged congressional sentiments on tax matters of all sorts. Example: Carter's plan to place a heavy excise tax on domestic crude oil was laudably designed to encourage energy conservation, but the Senate has balked at the size (\$12 billion a year by 1981) of the levy—one reason why the energy bill has been bottled up for nine months. Carter has warned that if the bill is not passed soon, he will put a \$5-per-barrel import fee on foreign oil, but the cantankerous Senate last week voted to restrict his power to do so. The House may not go along.

Carter can only aggravate his legislative problems by insisting on the moral rightness of his capital gains proposals. Doing so makes the Administration seem out of step with not only Congress but also general public opinion, especially after the passage of the tax-reducing Jarvis-Gann initiative in California. Says a leading committee staffer on Ways and Means: "Bill Steiger has got a tap root in the ground that's 20 feet long. You might have been able to blast him out six weeks ago, but not now. Where was Carter then?" Complains another Ways and Means official: "Carter has us so confused at this point that the issues are a mess. The shape of the tax bill is made, and he can't change that now." If that is so, it might be wiser not to try. ■

* They are: Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen; Virginia Democrat Harry J. Byrd Jr.; and Missouri Republican John C. Danforth.

Seeking That Soft Landing

The trick is to keep a slowdown from becoming a slump

Overlaying the wrangle about tax policy is the growing debate on how, after more than three years of solid expansion, to guide the economy into a "soft landing"—to use the current Washington catch phrase. That is, how to shake the wind out of inflation without tipping the country back into recession. More signs of gathering trouble on the price front arrived with last week's reports. The cost of living jumped another .9% in May, which was as bad as the April rise and translates into an annual inflation rate of 11.4%. Once again, the chief villain was the rising cost of food, although meat

ing down in the economy last week was the Commerce Department's trade figures for May. Having deepened alarmingly earlier in the year, the overall trade deficit showed a slight decline, largely as a result of a drop in steel imports. Still, petroleum imports jumped another 5.8%, reflecting the nation's still increasing dependence on foreign oil.

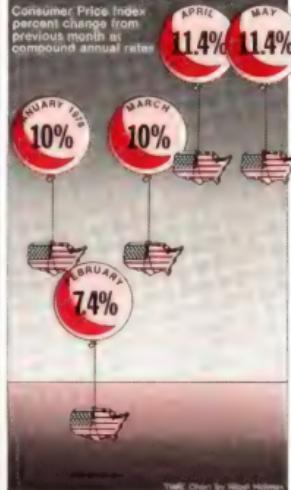
Testifying before the Congress's Joint Economic Committee, Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller said that policymakers would be "walking through a very narrow valley in the next few months" and would need "tremendous skill" to avoid either another surge in prices or a quick slump back into recession, or perhaps both. Although Miller opposed his colleagues at the Fed on the need for another discount rate increase, he is persuaded that inflation is a more immediate peril than recession; he recommended that Congress postpone the 25-cent-an-hour increase in the minimum wage (now \$2.65) that is set for next Jan. 1. Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal quickly seconded the Fed chairman's appeal. By Miller's calculations, the increase could boost inflation by one-half of 1% next year, as the higher wage costs in such businesses as restaurants, motels and supermarkets ripple through the economy.

Miller, who expects that inflation will average more than 7% this year, insists that prices must be brought under control if a downturn is to be avoided. But others argue that the Federal Reserve's tight money policy is making a recession much more likely. In a forecast released last week, Economist Arthur Okun, a senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution, warns that a soft landing would be impossible in a "very soggy economy" and charges that the Fed's moves to push up interest rates are creating a "very severe risk of recession" later this year or early in 1979.

Okun puts the chance of an approaching downturn at 55% and urges that carrot-and-stick income tax policies be adopted to encourage labor and management to hold down wage and price raises. Unions and companies that settled for low increases would pay reduced taxes, while those that helped aggravate inflation would suffer tax penalties. Such an approach has been used successfully in Britain, where in the past year and a half inflation has plunged from some 20% to about 8%. But with the Administration's entire tax policy tangled up in Congress, Okun admits that his proposal for a Tax-based Incomes Policy (TIP) is a non-starter for now. Meanwhile, inflation seems to remain a non-stopper. ■

BALLOONING PRICES

Consumer Price Index
percent change from
previous month at
compound annual rates



prices, the top offender in the past, seem to be receding.

At the same time, the cost of money ticked upward, reflecting both high demand for funds by business and the Federal Reserve Board's determination to try to hold down prices by curbing the growth of the money supply, which has been expanding rapidly since March. The Fed once again raised its 7.5% discount rate, which is the interest it charges on loans to Federal Reserve system banks. Meanwhile, several large banks, led by New York's Citibank, raised their prime lending rate for top corporations by a quarter percentage point, to 9%, the second such increase in the past two weeks. Indeed, about the only sign of cool-



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INDUSTRIES

The Wages—and Profits—of Fear

Executive safety is becoming not only a worry but also a growth industry

The urban guerrilla follows a political goal and attacks only the government, the big capitalists and the foreign imperialists, particularly North Americans." Since the mid-1960s, when the late Brazilian revolutionary Carlos Marighella made that declaration in a manual that has since become a text for terrorists everywhere, businessmen have found themselves the targets of violence in many parts of the world, notably Latin America and some relatively prospering democracies of Western Europe. The bombings, kidnappings and assassinations have not spread—at

lion on security annually at home and abroad up from \$3.2 billion five years ago. Former FBI Agent Charles Bates, now an executive at a San Francisco security agency, reckons that 80% of large U.S. firms have either started executive protection programs or are considering doing so. Scores of new firms specializing in executive safety have opened shop, and the big, old protection agencies are growing. Burns, the nation's second largest such firm (after Pinkerton's), reports that its executive protection business has doubled in the past year, and accounts for a sizable percentage of the firm's \$200 million

to which the company and its high-level executives are exposed. After that study, which may take as long as six months if the client has overseas branches, the advisers draw up a plan that outlines exactly how the company should react in various emergency and hostage situations, and designates which officers would make up the crisis staff.

The security firms also run "vulnerability tests," in which the travel patterns and behavior of an executive and his family are observed for two weeks without their knowledge. Then the executive is called in for closed-door consultation. "We try to demonstrate to him where he is most vulnerable," explains Anthony Purbrick, a former Scotland Yard detective who is Pinkerton's assistant director of investigations. "What we continually stress is prevention and awareness. We feel that if we can alert the individual and his family to the signs of a threat, they can easily incorporate precautions into their lives."



West German security guards practicing disarming a gunman in Munich

If all else fails, try to get on a first-name basis with your captor.

least so far—to the U.S., but American firms are increasingly troubled by the phenomenon

With reason. While the US has not experienced anything like the murder of West German Business Leader Hanns-Martin Schleyer last fall or the kidnapings of Belgian Industrialist Baron Edeard Jean Empain last winter, American executives have been frequent targets of violence. Indeed, according to a tally kept by the CIA, more than 40% of the 232 terrorist-connected kidnapings reported since 1970 (almost all in Latin America and Europe) have involved businessmen, one out of five of them Americans.

As a result, the protection of executives practically an old trade in West Germany and Italy is becoming one of the U.S.'s fastest growing industries. American companies now spend \$7.1 bil-

lion annual revenues. Other outfits, including makers of armored vehicles and surveillance systems, as well as anti-kidnap driving schools, are also expanding. For years, says David Dearborn, director of investigations at Pinkerton's, selling security in the U.S. has been "a little like selling flood insurance in the desert." That is changing. "While the American businessman still doesn't typically think of security for himself or his family, the American business has to."

Pinkerton's and Burns offer an all-encompassing executive security service. Their advice does not come cheap, a major company that calls in an agency for a thorough study of its security needs may expect to pay \$100,000 or so. Both Burns and Pinkerton's typically begin such a consultation with a "threat analysis," aimed at determining the degree of peril.

A number of firms offer less elaborate—and less expensive—security training programs. The leader in this field is Chicago-based Motorola Teleprograms Inc., which has produced films and manuals covering every aspect of the terrorist threat, from the need to "harden the target" (that is, to make offices and homes more secure) to the proper handling of a kidnaping of a senior company officer. One of Motorola's competitors is William Brose Productions, a small Hollywood moviemaker that distributes security training films. A 25-minute epic titled *Kidnap—Executive Style* tells businesses how to behave if taken hostage. Two bits of advice from the film ► As early as possible, an executive should try to get on a "name" basis with his captors: "If they think of you as people, and not objects, they are less likely to destroy you."

- Members of a kidnap gang commonly run the gamut from intellectuals to dim-witted sadists. "But the intellectuals will be in charge. The sadists get to kick you around. See what you can do to spend more time with the intelligentsia, less with the kickers."

Security experts emphasize to corporate clients that 90% of all assassinations and kidnaping attempts have taken place while the victim was either entering or leaving his car, or on the road. Moreover 80% of such auto ambushes have succeeded, because the attackers have the advantage of striking while the victim is relatively isolated from help. Too often drivers play into the kidnappers' hands. For example, rather than undertake eva-



Demonstrating bootleg turn at BSR school, driver pulls hand brake, locks rear wheels and turns sharply left, causing car to reverse direction

sive maneuvers. Hanns-Martin Schleyer's driver simply stopped in front of the terrorists' car that blocked the road: men guarding former Italian Premier Aldo Moro committed the cardinal error of driving him along the identical route in Rome each day.

In the U.S. at least three schools have sprung up to teach practical and effective evasive driving. One of the most professional is the BSR Counter-Terrorist Driving School in McLean, Va., run by Bill Scott, 39, a Yale Ph.D. (in geology) turned racing driver. In four days of instruction that costs their employers \$1,295, company chauffeurs who had prided themselves on never scratching a fender learn to ram through barricades at high speed and bulldoze blocking autos out of their path. Most of all, they learn the getaway tactics pioneered by moonshiners on the dusty roads of the South.

For example, a driver will be confronted with the problem of what to do when, while he is traveling in traffic or on a narrow road, a barricade too solid to breach suddenly looms ahead. The proper evasive action? A bootleg turn, of course: pull on the hand brake, locking up the rear tires, and spin the steering wheel; the car will do an abrupt about-face, using hardly more than a single lane for the turn. Or, if the road behind is clear, a J turn might do: brake to a panic stop, put the car in reverse at high speed.

then hit the foot brake again and cut the steering wheel sharply so that the auto nips backward into a tight 180° turn; then accelerate away in the direction you came from. Executed properly, these maneuvers take only five or ten seconds and will probably leave the terrorists too dumbfounded even to contemplate pursuit.

A second approach to ambush survival is to protect the car with layers of armor plating, fiber-glass webbing and bullet-resistant glass, known in the trade as plastic armor. Dozens of firms in the U.S. and Europe now convert Cadillacs, Rolls-Royces or Mercedes into moving fortresses that can withstand attack by all but the most powerful assault rifles and rocket launchers.

Armored cars have two major disadvantages: cost and clumsiness. The price of rendering an auto secure from pistol

or submachine-gun attack can run from \$50,000 to \$350,000, depending on the extent of the defensive features. Further, a fully secured limousine is so heavy (about five tons) that it is incapable of executing quick getaway maneuvers.

Seeking an intelligent compromise, BSR's Scott has turned Chevrolet Impalas and Pontiac Catalinas into counterforce vehicles by adding 900 lbs. of armor plating around the engine and the passenger compartment and bullet-resistant glass in all windows. Then, to offset the added weight, which brings the total up to some 4,500 lbs., he equips the car with a high-powered engine (400 h.p. or more) and an especially strong, road-hugging suspension system. The result: an auto that can absorb considerable punishment and still execute bootleg turns and high-speed escapes. Price: \$27,850 for the most heavily armored version. Among the features are front-door gunports, invisible from the outside, that enable the driver and guard to fire through the car's outer metal skin at approaching terrorists, and high-intensity back-up lights that can be flicked on at will to blind pursuers.

In the home and office, a second line of defense exists in a myriad of ultracheerful devices that would have filled James Bond's weapons expert with envy. Visitors to Miami's Rayne International, a security outfit run by Fred Rayne, a former British counterintelligence agent, can select a device (for \$300)



Trainee rams past blocking vehicles with chase car in pursuit



Students view plastic window that has stopped .45-cal. slugs

For the newest occupational hazard, a vast array of gadgetry, from acoustically activated detectors to tear-gas flashlights.



Instructor showing use of gunport in door of armored auto



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Economy & Business

that starts a car's engine and switches on the electric system from 1,000 ft. away—a safe distance in the event an auto has been wired with a bomb. Did a suspicious-looking envelope arrive in the mail? To hold it until the explosives experts arrive, R.I. supplies (for \$280) a woven synthetic pouch capable of absorbing the blast of a letter bomb. What if an intruder breaks into the house at night? An executive-model flashlight that doubles as a gas gun will reduce him to tears. But suppose the executive is sound asleep? Acoustic devices will detect the loud noises and automatically alert security guards.

More and more companies are preparing for the chance that their precautions may fail by buying K and R (for kidnaping and ransom) insurance policies sold by Lloyd's of London and some other

companies, including several U.S. firms. Insurance officials do not speak much about this business, fearing that more countries will follow Italy in banning K and R policies on the ground that they encourage kidnapings. But some brokers say that sales of such policies on the London insurance market alone have more than doubled in the past two years, with as much as 70% of Lloyd's K and R business coming from American multinationals. The insurers commonly require the client corporation to exercise "due diligence" in protecting its executives: this means retaining security experts and acquiring protective gadgetry (Lloyd's, not surprisingly, owns a prospering corporate security agency, Control Risks Ltd.)

If an executive is kidnaped and his company fails to free him as quickly as

possible, he or his family can bring—and possibly win—a damage suit against his employers for negligence. Fred Rayne admits that on behalf of two foreign corporations he has handed over \$1.5 million to Latin American terrorists as ransom for kidnaped executives. It was a bargain, he argues, since the executives might otherwise have sued for much more. He has a point. Gustavo Curtis, the former chief of Beatrice Foods in Colombia who was held by terrorists for eight months, is suing his company for \$185 million. His complaint: though the firm had had prior indications that he would be a terrorist target, Beatrice Foods treated his disappearance as a hoax at first, then dawdled over negotiating his release, condemning him and his family to a long, anxiety-laden ordeal. ■

"If You Give Up, They Win"

Like many fashionable Italians, Alessandro De Tommaso, owner of the Maserati car company, carries an elegant man's handbag dangling from a shoulder strap. But his bag is unusual in one respect. By slipping his hand through an open flap on the side, De Tommaso can quickly grab a .38 revolver that he keeps cradled inside. Says he: "It is just a normal hazard of business life in Italy today."

Nowhere in the world are such defensive tactics so pervasive—or extreme. Although American executives would be appalled by the kind of precautions that Italians themselves shrug off personal danger as just one more situation requiring the ancient art of *arrangiarsi* (literally, to make shift)—getting the upper hand on life's many minor irritations. Since the country's wave of kidnapings developed in the early 1970s, 241 Italians have been snatched for ransom. Top executives remain prime victims. Two weeks ago, Movie Producer Niccolò De Nira was released after a record 524 days in captivity; his ordeal went on so long because his family reportedly had to raise the ransom (\$4 million or more) in installments. The rich and powerful have been joined by middle managers and even plant foremen as targets for terror. So most Italian businessmen now take defensive measures.

Personal bodyguards are banned under Italian law (to prevent a return of the kind of private armies that were common in 19th century Italy), but guards legally can be hired to protect the cash an individual carries in his wallet, and many take advantage of this loophole. The number of security firms has soared, as have sales of watchdogs, bulletproof vests, armored sedans and kidnap insurance

policies—prohibited in Italy but available elsewhere.

Like some other Italians, Carlo De Benedetti, Olivetti's managing director and deputy chairman, has moved his family out of the country; his wife and three children have lived in Switzerland for the past three years. But few businessmen themselves have been prompted to leave, and most would regard such a move with distaste. Says Alfa Romeo Chairman Gaetano Cortesi of the kidnaping threat: "If it happens, it happens. But if you give up, they win." Cortesi refuses to hire bodyguards, yet he tries to keep his movements unpredictable. He never buys his newspaper from the same stand, never makes airline or hotel reservations in advance and uses taxis rather than a company car.

RUDI FERZ



Guard dog being trained to protect executives at kennel near Rome. Sometimes unpredictability is the best defense.

Having recovered from a terrorist ambush two years ago, when he was shot eight times while driving to work, Chevron Boss Giovanni Theodoli, the president of the Italian association of petroleum companies, also practices unpredictability. When the time comes for the association's bimonthly meeting, only Theodoli knows in advance where the gathering will be, and members call him an hour beforehand to get a code number for the site.

Nearly all companies have taken steps to protect their officers. Fiat is reported to have prepared a highly confidential booklet for some 3,000 executives, advising standard precautions such as varying daily travel, watching for suspicious strangers and carefully checking one's car. A group of 50 heads of small- and medium-size businesses in northern Italy have organized themselves into a modern version of the *tonline*, a primitive 17th century insurance company. They have put together a mutual-benefit ransom society so that if any member is held hostage, all participants will put up cash to buy his freedom.

Music



Jazz Singer Betty Carter slides through sultry ballads at Avery Fisher Hall

A Silver Newport

With all that wonderful, mixed-up jazz

There was jazz in Carnegie Hall: Sonny Rollins, one of the alltime great tenor saxophonists, was sparking fire off the bluesy beat of his quintet. Bending low over his sax, Rollins, 48, would pause for a fraction of a second and then come up swinging, weaving countermelodies inside and outside the harmonies, loosing flying clusters of arpeggios that left his sax all but smoking, ending with a comic bebop flourish, head thrown back and sax brandished triumphantly in the air.

There was jazz in Lincoln Center, where Singer Betty Carter—a vamp of a figure in black lace with a husky, sweet-toned voice that recalls Billie Holiday—was singing a tribute to the blues. "I must have music, music," Carter, 48, half crooned, half spoke, swaying to the beat of her trio with eyes closed. Throttling down to slow, slow low notes that seemed to float in the air forever—the crowd hanging on breathlessly—she would suddenly take off, sliding up the scale as fast as any sax to land on a sultry, slightly off-center note. With consummate skill, she flecked moody ballads with flirtatious spoken asides and highly rhythmic scat passages. "Do-be-do-be-hop." She never missed a beat, or a wave of applause.

So it went on one of the best nights of this year's Newport Jazz Festival. The

greatest of all such festivals, Newport celebrated its 25th anniversary last week with more than 100 performers in an all-star salute to the history of jazz. From out of the Dixieland past stomped "Kid" Thomas, 82, and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Transplanted for an evening from New Orleans' French Quarter, the group played engagingly old-fashioned, banjo-accented favorites and clowned between the numbers.

At Manhattan's historic Roseland, a

gaudy dance palace right out of the '20s. Count Basie, 73, held up the swing end of things with butter-smooth melodies and brassy punctuation. The crowd, decked out in its spikiest heels and slinkiest skirts, danced beneath a huge electric American flag, which blinked red, white and blue to Basie's beat. Meanwhile, Dizzy Gillespie, 60, was on hand at Avery Fisher Hall, with his mischievously cherubic grin, his horn angled rakishly at the sky to let fly with *Manteca*, one of his Latin favorites. It was Dizzy at his best.

There was a style for everyone: the cool sound of Pianist Bill Evans, 48, with his sophisticated classical harmonies; the loosely structured, rather chaotic-sounding "free" jazz of such revolutionaries as Ornette Coleman, 48, Cecil Taylor, 45, and Sam Rivers, 47. Master Pianists Chick Corea, 37, and Herbie Hancock, 38, were into "fusion" music, a blending of jazz with rock's electronic sound. A tribute to the Latin influence on jazz starred the formidable massed bands of Tito Puente and Machito. There was even a special last-minute entry, Irakere, a jazz-rock Cuban group whose members had been granted visas just in time to perform.

It was not quite as soulful a gathering as in the old days, when the festival was held in Newport, R. I.—out in the fields, where a wailing sax could carry a mile. Transported to the elegance of Carnegie Hall, jazz's cry seemed a little incongruous. But there was still some outdoor music at Stanhope, N. J., and at a final, big-band bash at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. George Wein, 52, the jazz pianist turned promoter who has seen his Newport creation through slack times and flush, estimated overall festival attendance this year at about 250,000, double what it was last year.

Newport '78's success follows an ebb in the early '70s, when hordes of rock-headed teen-agers overran Dionne Warwick's act and forced the festival out of Newport. Now jazz is back, brassy as ever. It never really disappeared, of course. But



Sonny Rollins brandishes his saxophone triumphantly at Carnegie Hall concert

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Music

as great rock chords pounded out in the '60s, jazz went on the lam to Europe, underground, anywhere but to American clubs and record stores. In 1971 the then president of Columbia Records dropped musicians of the stature of Keith Jarrett, Charles Mingus and Bill Evans because they were not selling enough albums.

The acid-rockers have grown up since then and become a whole new market for jazz. Says Arthur Moorhead, a jazz trombonist and buyer for a record store in San Francisco: "People who have been listening to rock 'n' roll for as long as they can remember are bored, so a lot of them turn to jazz." One result is that jazz artists are once more in demand: Dexter Gordon, 55, for one, a tenor-sax giant who rode out the rock storm in Copenhagen, returned to the U.S. in 1976 to triumphant concerts.

New clubs are blossoming from Boston to Los Angeles. "I can't handle all of the commercials that the jazz places want, and I raised my rates three times in the last year and a half," says Gordon Potter, station manager of Los Angeles' KBCA (FM) jazz station. In New Orleans, black marching bands are as popular as ever. The listening audience for New York's WWRV (FM) jazz station is up 121% in the past 18 months; jazz offerings range from thriving clubs in Greenwich Village to several festivals in downtown SoHo to Jazzmobile, a nonprofit outfit that offers free concerts in the poorer sections of town. And in Detroit, where Motown bumped jazz for a while, young horn and reed players line up once again on weekends at RAPA, an all-night jazz cafe where they can jam with the house rhythm section.

With all that activity, can the record companies be far behind? They are right there, reissuing old jazz classics by the hundreds. RCA has reactivated its Bluebird label with 27 albums to date (among them Benny Goodman, Fats Waller and Lionel Hampton). Columbia has re-released some Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday and Tenor Saxman Lester Young albums.

But the real gold dust is not in the oldies but in fusion, which is essentially watered-down jazz, with simpler chords and harmonies, traces of rhythm-and-blues and Latin music, and rock's heavy electronic sound and beat. Miles Davis, 52, who created the "cool" boy sound back in the late '40s, with its relaxed delivery and complex harmonies, also fashioned the first fusion in 1970 with his revolutionary *Bitches Brew* album. It retained jazz soloing but incorporated electric bass and guitar and a Rhodes electric piano. The result sounded mellow, upbeat and had a heavier rhythm than jazz, and it proved a phenomenal bestseller (600,000, compared with sales of 25,000-30,000 for a popular, mainstream jazz album).

Pianist Hancock, a Davis protégé, followed the leader in 1973 with *Head Hunters*, another hit that was less jazz and more rock; it had fewer solos, a funky disco beat and the lush sounds of a synthesizer. Weather Report, a well-respected group that includes Wayne Shorter on sax, has continued to work in the jazz-rock field; its latest album, *Heavy Weather*, which rides sophisticated solos over rock rhythms, has sold half a million copies. But fusion, as Davis' original album title foretold, is a dangerous brew. It was

a short step to what many traditional jazzmen bitterly refer to as crossover music: leaving jazz behind and going for the big money. George Benson, 35, once a straight-ahead jazz guitarist, tops both the jazz and pop charts with his easy-listening sound. (*Weekend in L.A.*, his latest album, has already sold close to 2 million copies.) Chuck Mangione, 37, who plays flugelhorn and trumpet, is right up there with him.

Each new current in jazz has, of course, always faced opposition. The '30s swing music swung at the '40s bop, bop boozed the experimental movements of the '50s and '60s. But many jazzmen feel that fusion is not true jazz—and they are right. Says Avant-Garde Musician Rivers: "It's not really in the tradition because the tradition is the solo voice. Fusion never goes anywhere." West Coast Jazz Pianist Paul Potts thinks that most fusion albums have lost the sense of jazz's uniquely personal sounds and interactions. "The 'in' cuts are really slick; they're turning out musical TV dinners," he says.

The good news, however, is that many new fans have reached jazz through fusion. They began by listening to such groups as Blood Sweat and Tears and Chicago, which moved toward jazz in the '60s as some jazz began moving toward rock. Once that audience got as far as fusion, it often went still further back in time and finally arrived at "pure" jazz. Says Producer Orrin Keepnews, whose Fantasy Prestige/Milestone label has put out major re-releases: "If we narrow the gap with fusion, we will have accomplished something large."

Pianists Hancock and Corea defend their fusion music as a logical extension

Newport performers (counterclockwise from upper left): Sam Rivers; Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman; Chick Corea; Herbie Hancock



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Music

of the jazz musician's fascination with sound. In 1973, when jazz was suffering the financial blues, Hancock had the idea of using the synthesizer's weird, spacey sound not with the complex experimental music that he was then making but with funk and rhythm-and-blues. It turned into *Head Hunters*, made up of more conventional music that "a lot of people liked." Corea went roughly the same route. His recent *Mad Hatter* album, a lush blend of strings that borders on background music, has already sold 160,000 copies. "I used to hear rock 'n' roll and go 'Yech!'" says Corea. "But now I really dig Stevie Wonder and how he uses rhythm."

Not all jazz musicians, of course, are abandoning their convictions for cross-over record profits. A number, like Taylor and Coleman, have headed in the opposite direction: into free-form experimental jazz, which seems to flaunt its abrasive sound, hitting you like a kick in the ear. Free jazz dispenses with the chord progressions and set rhythm that traditionally have ordered jazz, leaving each member of a group free to improvise both notes and tempo. It is intense sounding and often looks to the emotional power of African music for its antecedents. Says Taylor: "One of the things I had to divorce myself from was the constraint or control that European music imposes, that we will do this or that. No, no, no. I say to myself: I must like my music. It must sound good."

At its worst, free jazz borders on bedlam. At its best—as in the Newport concerts of Taylor and Coleman—the music has internal rhythms and themes that give it direction. For 50 minutes, Taylor—hallmark shades and knit cap in place—and his sidemen wrapped Carnegie Hall in a solid sheet of sound, each member of the group swapping and developing ideas from the others. A frenzied, virtuoso performer, Taylor roiled tempests on the bass of the piano, then modulated into short phrases and lyrical passages that contained echoes of Bartók and Debussy. Coleman's group, in contrast, produced a dense texture of counter-rhythms and melodies above which Coleman soared in his solos on tenor saxophone, trumpet and violin.

Free-form jazz tends to cluster in downtown Manhattan's SoHo. One of its angels is Rivers, who runs Studio Rivbea, a nonprofit, partially subsidized loft, complete with stage for performing, and directors' chairs and rugs for the audience. Out of Rivbea sounds Rivers' own extended free-form music: "Spontaneous on-the-spot creation and improvisation." Perhaps the most vital avant-garde spawning ground of all is Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, a collective that was created in 1965. It encompasses all styles from straight African rhythms to bebop to the avant-garde's specialty: grunts and wails and bizarre in-

strumental effects that were ignored during bebop's preoccupation with fluency and speed. AACM's alumni include two emerging jazz stars: Saxophonist Anthony Braxton, 33, and Pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, 47, its founder.

Most Americans have never heard the free sounds of progressive jazz. The reason is simple: major record companies tend to produce old reliables and lucrative fusion music: they are unwilling to promote the experimental edge. A few of the best progressive practitioners, among them Jarrett and Trumpeter Don Cherry, 41, record in Europe. One of the few outfits supporting this hard-to-absorb music is New York's nonprofit New Music Distribution Service. Says Drummer Beaver Harris, one of the artists who uses the service: "What the major record companies produce isn't always what's happening. Music must be heard to live."

U.S. avant-garde jazz is more accepted overseas than at home. Kahl El-Zabar, 25, percussionist and composer

choosing to go into the older forms of jazz. The young turks in the trumpet section of Puente's Orchestra are all dying to rip off a brilliant solo and bring down the house.

The mainstream itself is changing, pulling in new elements as it goes. On some of his funkier tunes at Newport, Rollins' group used an electric piano and Caribbean conga-drum rhythms. Pianist McCoy Tyner, 39, worked over the keyboard with his great John Coltrane-inspired chords. But backing him up was a new, lush sound provided by a chorus from his latest recording group and a genius of a percussionist who appeared and disappeared, armed with a startling array of gourds and mallet-like instruments.

Nobody is quite sure what lies around the next bend. There will probably be an ever greater use of Caribbean and Latin rhythms, which Gillespie introduced in the 1940s, along with the Eastern influ-



Crowds settle in for the day at outdoor jazz picnic in Stanhope, N.J.

"You can see all the different music as belonging to the same stream of things."

with AACM, recently played to bigger audiences in Rome than in Chicago. And when Rivers toured Europe, audiences numbered 10,000 to 15,000, compared with around 2,000 in America. Says he: "New York is where we are least known."

But then, Europe has always been more generous to jazz: Americans have never quite forgiven jazz its bastard birth in the bordello's of New Orleans' Storyville. "Man, these cats know their stuff," Louis Armstrong once said admiringly of an audience in Geneva. Every year there seem to be more European jazz festivals. Germany alone has some 24. Montreux, Europe's Newport, is expected to draw over 80,000 people this year.

Meanwhile, like Old Man River, mainstream jazz just keeps rolling along. Says Dan Morgenstern, keeper of Rutgers University's jazz museum: "We have the living representatives of every style we know—ranging from Ragtime Pianist Eubie Blake, 95, to the great musicians of the swing era and beyond—and you can see all the different music as belonging to the same stream of things." The venerables are revered by young musicians, and a surprising number of the young are

once passed on from Coltrane. But the past 20 years have been a time of consolidation from the days of the jazz greats—Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Miles Davis—and not creation. There is no new force on the scene now, and everyone is waiting. Says Rivers: "The cycle is getting ready to go into another violent period, in a sparks-flying sense." Gillespie, for one, is ready. "When our bebop music came along, there was a lot of opposition to our phrasing," he recalls. "But jazz has always had room for all kinds. Let's get on with it."

Perhaps Betty Carter put it best at Newport. She began her set with *I Must Have Music* and ended with *Movin' On*, a song whose relentless one-two rhythm propelled it forward like a speeding train. Carter rode the rails for all they were worth. Her voice drove effortlessly over octave jumps and lightning arpeggios, dropping into racing scat syllables that taxed its entire range and timbre. She finally chugged home on a slow, low, unresolved chord, leaving the song unfinished until the cheers silenced it for good. *Movin' On*: that is where Betty Carter, and jazz, are going.

Medicine

Unexpected Dip

Fewer apply to med school

"I wanted for a very long time to become a doctor," says Michael Weber. "It was my goal when I was very young." But after only two quarters in the pre-med program at Ohio State University, Weber, 20, discouraged by the emphasis on specialization, the hard work and the prospect of more of the same for years to come, switched to the humanities. Weber is just one of a growing number of would-be physicians who are voluntarily dropping out of the medical school admissions sweepstakes. This year the number of applicants to the 122 U.S. medical schools, which began leveling off in 1974, has abruptly dropped 10%—down to 37,000, from last year's 41,000. Reason for the fall-off: becoming a physician, the dropouts are saying, is just not worth the effort.

Intimidating to aspiring doctors is the cost of medical education. Says Charles Fentress, of the Association of American Medical Colleges (A.A.M.C.): "Government loans and scholarships are drying up, and the soaring cost of medical school has to be a deterrent." Tuition at Georgetown University School of Medicine has risen to a staggering \$12,500 a year, the highest in the nation. At other schools, says the A.A.M.C., tuition and fees run from \$2,200 to \$9,150 a year. Add to that the cost of room, board and books, and the burden becomes even more formidable. Explains Father Joseph Walters, pre-med adviser at Notre Dame: "Students face borrowing \$50,000 to finance medical school. Later, with the high cost of malpractice insurance, they would need an income of \$5,000 a month to start a practice and pay back the debt. The opportunities of earning \$60,000 a year right out of med school are rarely there."

Students also chafe at the idea of investing five to ten years in training. Says Weber: "I wanted to be self-reliant and established sooner in life than a medical career would allow." Some students also fear that increasing Government control will restrict the freedom and financial rewards of a medical career. At the same time, the outlook in other careers is brightening. Business and engineering are two fields now attracting many would-be physicians.

Competition, too, has taken its toll. With better guidance from pre-med counselors, students are more accurately assessing their chances of getting into medical school. Ethan Schuman, 23, a senior with a 3.5 average (on a scale of 4) at Boston's Northeastern University, wanted to be a doctor but decided not to apply. "The word among students is that you need at least a 3.8 average before they look at you. I guess I was simply not ready to



Pre-med studies at Ohio State

Just not worth the effort

take the gamble of spending four years in college and then not making it into graduate school. The good part is that I am missing the hassle." While welcoming more realistic appraisals, Yale medical school's admissions chairman, Thomas Lentz, nevertheless is worried: "Young people are beginning to feel that their chances are so small that it's just not worth it. As a result, we may be losing people who would make good physicians."

Dr. Martha Garland, director of the premedical program at Ohio State University, sees still another reason for declining applicants. In 1971 60% of O.S.U. pre-meds completed their sophomore year studies in that area. By 1975 only 25% of the pre-med students kept the major through the second year. The drop-out rate, Dr. Garland contends, results from worsening high school preparation in the physical sciences and lack of intellectual discipline. Says she: "They come to college expecting to do brilliantly and end up with Cs in chemistry. In the past, many pre-meds would pull themselves together, overcome the rigorous basic science work and go on to become good doctors. Now they just drop out. The whole curve is drifting downward."

Medical school officials are not yet alarmed: they point out that even with the drop-off, there are places in medical schools for only about 44% of those who apply. In fact, Lentz feels that in some ways the trend might be beneficial. Says he: "A decline might relieve some of the competition and anxiety." But, he admits, "if it continues over a period of years, there would be room for concern." ■

Capsules

THE BORN-AGAIN SPLEEN

Though surprisingly little is known about the spleen, a small organ located beneath the left rib cage, it has at least one important function: filtering bacteria and foreign material from the blood. That function makes the spleen particularly important in warding off serious bacterial infections and meningitis in children, who have not yet developed immunity to certain microorganisms. Yet doctors have long been puzzled by the fact that such infections, relatively common in children whose spleens have been removed in the treatment of cancer or blood disease, seldom show up in youngsters whose spleens have ruptured and then been removed. Now a team of Yale University researchers thinks it has part of the answer.

The Yale team, headed by Pediatrician Howard Pearson, examined 22 patients who had had damaged spleens removed after childhood accidents. Blood tests showed that in 13 of the patients, spleen-like filtering of the blood was apparently continuing, even though their spleens had been removed from one to eight years before the examination. Subsequent radioactive scanning of the abdomen of five of the 13 revealed small nodules of spleen tissue. What had happened, the doctors conclude in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, was that cells from the ruptured organ spilled out, became implanted in the walls of the abdominal cavity and grew into clusters of cells that were acting as "mini-spleens." The Yale team's nontechnical name for the phenomenon: the born-again spleen.

EYING LASER LIGHT

The laser-light shows that have lately been dazzling disco dancers and rock and even classical concertgoers are now being closely watched by a new audience. The Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health has begun sending inspectors to light shows to make sure that FDA safety standards are being met. The bureau recently informed the Blue Oyster Cult, a rock band, that its laser show needed readjusting, and last month it abruptly halted a preview performance of an M.I.T.-sponsored light show scheduled to run all summer on the Mall in Washington, D.C.

The problem is that lasers produce beams of light so intense that if directed or even reflected into the human eye, they can blister and burn the retina, causing instant and permanent damage. To avoid that possibility, the FDA wants light-show operators to use low-powered lasers and to design the shows so that the beams of light are aimed far above the heads of spectators. ■

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Behavior

Psychologists Go to War

Military uses—and abuses—of mind science

A Defense Department study exploring the feasibility of using odor bombs in Asia suggested that a vegetarian tribe could be effectively sickened and confused by flooding the jungle with the concentrated body odor of meat eaters. During the 1960s Congo rebellion, another Pentagon study investigated the possibility of creating "special magic potions" for use by friendly Congolese troops. In Viet Nam, American forces distributed "propaganda soap" layered with anti-Viet Cong messages, and experimented at Cam Ranh Bay with dolphins in underwater surveillance and detection.

These are only a few of the exotic cited by British Journalist Peter Watson, 35, as evidence of the increasing reliance of the U.S. armed forces on the work of psychologists. Indeed, studies done for the

met, fine needles will project into his scalp and enable him to shoot a rocket merely by thinking the command to fire. Another project, developed at Fort Benning, Ga., allows a commander to send silent coded orders to troops in the field—electronic blips are transmitted through electrodes attached to the upper arms or abdomen of each soldier. So far, Watson reports, properly trained men can recognize 95% of these coded messages.

The military has spent a good deal of money developing personality profiles of soldiers in an attempt to learn which recruits are likely to fight well, commit atrocities or stand up to enemy interrogation. One study showed that those who will be "fighters" tend to be sports-oriented, sarcastic and spontaneous. Recruits who will probably be "nonfighters"

Involved as they often are with research on animal behavior, psychologists have frequently been asked by the military to apply their special knowledge to adapting various animals to warfare. During World War II, the Allies developed and tested plans to use "incendiary bats," which would come to rest under the eaves of buildings and set off small fire bombs attached to their chests. The Swedes had plans for using trained kamikaze seals to blow up submarines, and the Soviets for bomb-carrying dogs to attack tanks. In the 1940s, Behaviorist B.F. Skinner proposed installing a trained pigeon in front of a screen in the nose of a missile to guide it to a target. The U.S. Army trained dogs for jungle patrol duty in Viet Nam. The dogs would lie down when they met a wounded man, stand still if they saw anyone moving, and sit when they detected a booby trap. Their body position would be sensed electronically and radioed to stations behind the lines.

In Viet Nam, the Army was ever eager for new ploys in psychological war-



U.S. plane dropping propaganda leaflets, mostly safe-conduct passes for potential Viet Cong defectors, January 1966

military cost \$68 million this year, about 35% of all federally funded psychological research. In his new book, *War on the Mind* (Basic Books, \$17.50), Watson says that the Pentagon's forays into psychology "outrank most other military research projects when it comes to cruelty, deception, ingenuity and sheer absurdity."

One example given by Watson, a former lecturer in psychology at the University of London, is the Navy's "Clockwork Orange" experiments in Naples, Italy, and San Diego: wearing a head clamp and with their eyes fixed open, so that they cannot avert their gaze, volunteers were shown gruesome films of dismemberment to break down their opposition to violence. Though the Pentagon denied conducting any such experiments, Watson thinks that his source—a Navy doctor in Naples—was telling the truth.

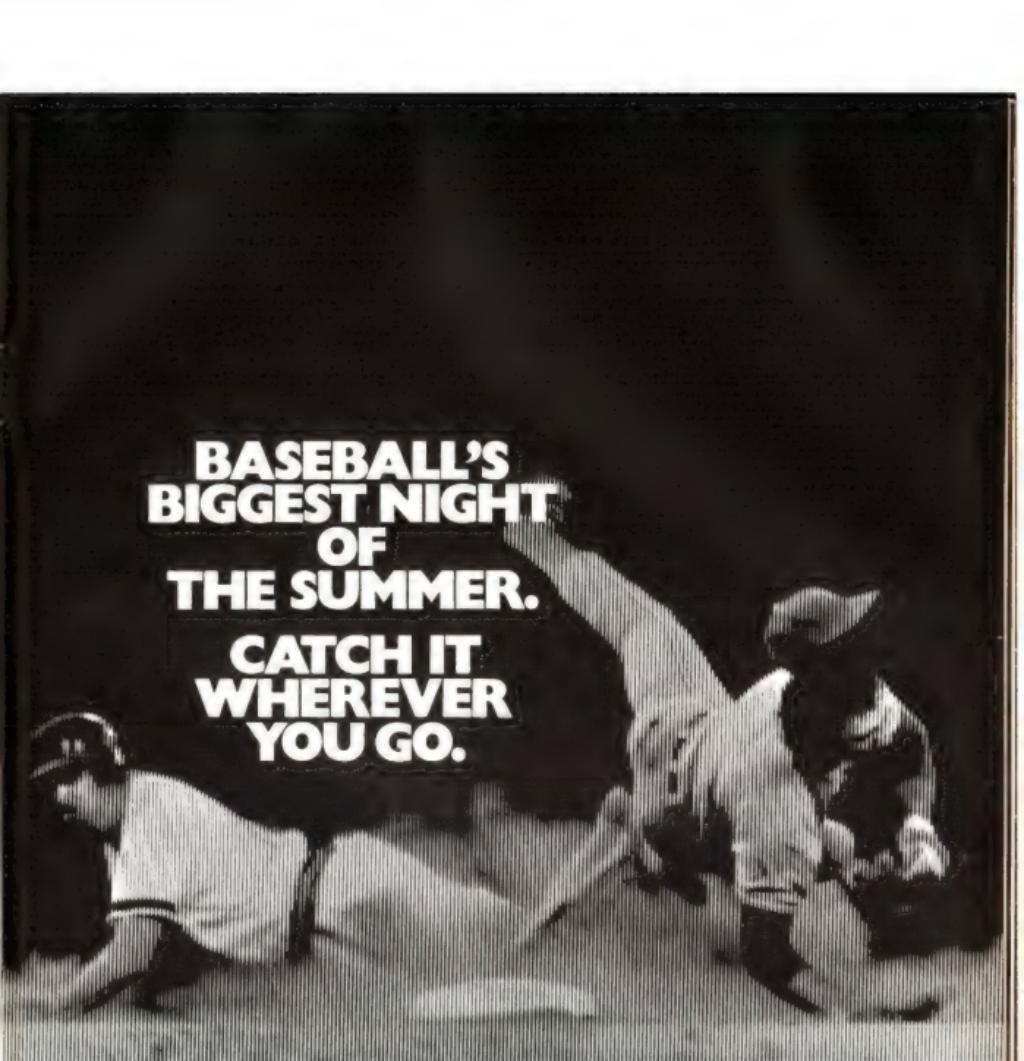
A few other programs, the result of brain research and studies of perception, seem straight out of Buck Rogers. In one, the Advanced Research Projects Agency is working to link fighter pilots directly to computers. As the pilot dons his hel-

met, fine needles will project into his scalp and enable him to shoot a rocket merely by thinking the command to fire. Another project, developed at Fort Benning, Ga., allows a commander to send silent coded orders to troops in the field—electronic blips are transmitted through electrodes attached to the upper arms or abdomen of each soldier. So far, Watson reports, properly trained men can recognize 95% of these coded messages.

The military has spent a good deal of money developing personality profiles of soldiers in an attempt to learn which recruits are likely to fight well, commit atrocities or stand up to enemy interrogation. One study showed that those who will be "fighters" tend to be sports-oriented, sarcastic and spontaneous. Recruits who will probably be "nonfighters"

fare in a program called Operation Black Eye. South Vietnamese assassination teams infiltrated enemy villages, killed Viet Cong leaders quietly in their beds, and left on each body "a piece of paper printed with a grotesque human eye." Americans printed up 50,000 pictures of the eyes and had them pinned to people's doors as a warning against aiding the Viet Cong.

Apparently the most popular psy-war technique in Viet Nam was the most traditional—leafleting. General William Westmoreland was said to be so enthusiastic about the printed propaganda that he wrote some of the pieces himself, and in one typical month in 1969, the U.S. dropped 713 million leaflets over Viet Nam. At least a few pilots developed their own distribution system, dropping leaflets in tied bales to get the chore done quickly. Sometimes the system worked. One harried Viet Cong defector told Americans that his will to resist was broken one day by an astonishing incident: an enormous bundle of papers fell out of the sky and killed his best friend.



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Religion



Protestant Crusader Billy Graham

Billy's Bucks

An evangelist's accounting

Billy Graham has always endeavored to be boundless-tooth clean about money. Early in his career he went on straight salary, "spurning the unadmitted 'love offerings'" that used to provide income for traveling evangelists. But the Graham operation is so large and visible that there has always been intense curiosity about its finances. Lately that curiosity has deepened into outright suspicion, and to clear the air Graham's Minneapolis headquarters has issued its first full public report on finances.

The 1977 balance sheet for the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association (B.G.E.A.) and five affiliates shows \$38.4 million in income, \$41.6 million in expenses. The gap was filled by dipping into reserve funds. The outgo is far more than the national program budget of most Protestant denominations. The totals do not include operating costs of Graham's "crusades," which are handled by local committees. By Graham's accounting, a very respectable 89% of the budget goes for far-flung evangelism programs and only 11% for administrative overhead and fund-raising costs.

"We have nothing to hide," said Executive Vice President George M. Wilson last week. But the B.G.E.A., like many another religious organization, has been slow to divulge financial data. The reason for B.G.E.A. reluctance, Wilson explained, is

fear that the "little guy," whose average \$10-to-\$12 gift accounts for most of the receipts, might stop giving if he thought about how many millions of dollars were flowing to Minneapolis.

Two articles published a year ago helped prod the organization to a new openness. *Corporate Report*, a Midwest business magazine, said that because of inadequate financial data, the Minnesota Commerce Department was looking into a B.G.E.A. gift-annuity plan, which supporters bequeath money to, and draw interest income from until they die. (After protracted negotiations, the data were provided, and the state approved the annuity sales.) The magazine also disclosed that B.G.E.A. had refused financial information requested on a voluntary basis by the state's charities division and by the Better Business Bureau; the bureau's latest report says that the B.G.E.A. does not meet its fund-raising standards because of secrecy. Even now the B.G.E.A. has no plans to cooperate.

Meanwhile, the Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer* reported that a Graham-related group, the World Evangelism and Christian Education Fund, had \$22.9 million in assets and kept them "carefully shielded from public view." Well, yes and no. Fund officials in Dallas stonewall when asked for details, but federal law requires them to file public financial summaries with the Internal Revenue Service. (The B.G.E.A. does not file, strangely enough, because it contends that it is a church rather than an interdenominational charity.) Graham told two reporters about the fund after it started in 1970, but neither he nor Wilson mentioned it when the *Observer* inquired about finances.

Despite the air of mystery, the fund merely continues Graham's long-standing practice of helping relief efforts and Evangelical causes around the world. No money goes to individuals. The major recipient is the new Billy Graham Center in Illinois, which will house the graduate school at Wheaton College (Graham's alma mater), an evangelism library and Graham archives. The fund gave the Graham Center \$7.7 million last year, and will eventually provide most of its \$15.5 million cost. The B.G.E.A. has been transferring some of its proceeds to the Dallas fund, but refuses to reveal how much. However, Wilson sees nothing wrong with that practice as long as the contributions the fund receives are not designated by the givers for a specific purpose.

Wilson makes it clear that he is not overjoyed about the new openness. He thinks his organization is under scrutiny mainly because "it is the mood of the day. The critics started in on Washington and the presidency, then Congress and then the FBI. The more visible an organization becomes, the more open it is to criticism."



Catholic Pamphleteer Andrew Greeley

Andy's Answers

A priest on Everything

Every week or two Father Andrew Greeley writes a book. Well, all right, it only seems like every week or two. In fact, Greeley has turned out a mere 80 books in the past 20 years. His serious studies, like last year's *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait* (Basic Books, \$15), should probably be required reading for anyone who cares about religion in America. But Greeley, a senior study director at the National Opinion Research Center and soon-to-be sociology professor at the University of Arizona, is best known for books, columns and articles that people read simply because they are readable. On practically any topic, Greeley manages to strike some readers as outrageously unfair and others as eminently fair, as left wing and right wing, as wise and wrongheaded. More often than not, he is stunningly on target. Greeley's latest confection is *Everything You Wanted to Know About the Catholic Church but Were Too Plious to Ask* (Thomas More Press, \$7.95). Greeley simply took 101 words or phrases germane to Catholicism, ranged from Abortion to Wealth of the Church, and dashed off a snappy little essay on each. Sample excerpts:

Abortion. "Catholics should realize that while their position is currently described as 'unliberal,' there was a time, when the anti-abortion laws were written (mostly under Protestant auspices, it is noted), that such protection of the life of the unborn was considered to be a notable

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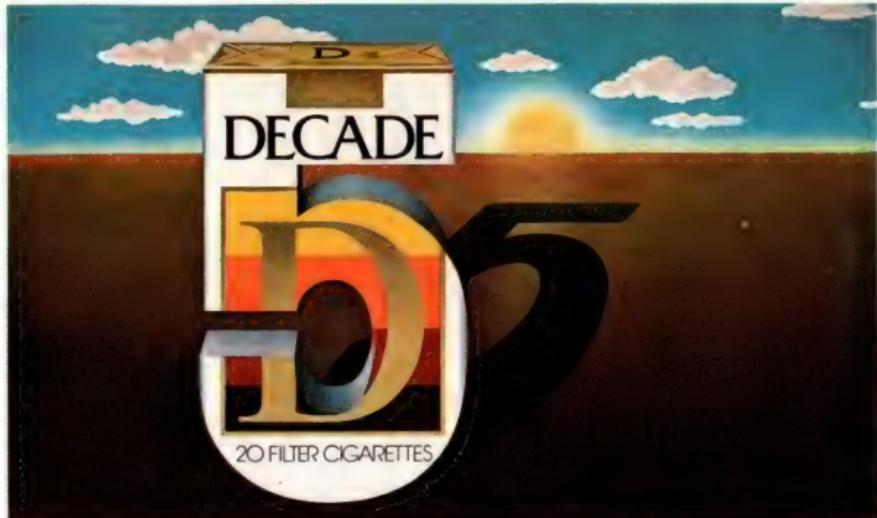
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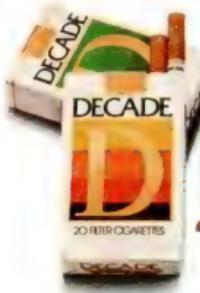
But this wasn't just a numbers game to us. Our goal was to

reduce 'tar' without removing taste. So we took our time.

Finally, after ten years, we were good and ready. We had developed our "Total System." A totally unique way of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5mg. cigarette. That's why we say Decade is "The taste that took ten years to make."

Every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with the others. The tobacco, the filter and even the paper. Only by concentrating on these parts are we able to perfect the whole.

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Religion

and progressive advance for civilization." **Celibacy.** "I just can't accept the notion that a married Protestant minister, all other things being equal, is as free to serve his people as is the celibate Catholic priest."

Nor is there any evidence from the research done that celibate priests are any more insensitive or incapable of intimacy than are married men of the same age and educational experience."

Communism. "Much of the Catholic opposition to communism in the past has been based on the notion that it is 'Godless.' Godless it surely is, though much of capitalism is too, a much more effective argument would be that communism is inhuman."

Divorce. "In the early part of the last century our ancestors when entering marriage could expect it to last on the average twelve years before one or the other partner died. Now marriages will last on the average four times as long—48 years."

Unfortunately the Church is doing lit-

tie to help people develop . . . the skills of patience, reconciliation, perseverance, excitement and adventure which are required for such long marriages."

Ecumenism. "However much common statements may be developed on original sin, for example, the Protestant style and worldview still takes a much more pessimistic view of human nature (and human fun, like gambling, dancing, drinking, card-playing, and sex) than does the traditional Catholic worldview. These differences have been largely ignored by theologians."

Evolution. "Virtually all Catholic opposition to evolution has vanished—mostly because of the insight that if God works out his designs slowly and gradually instead of abruptly, his style is even more impressive."

Hierarchy. "If the American Catholic clergy and laity are satisfied to be governed in some considerable part by mired pinheads, then they deserve such

leadership . . . There are, of course, many able, intelligent, spiritually wise bishops. If you gave me some time I could maybe think of twenty."

Italian Popes. "It is curious that the Holy Spirit, who is supposed to preside over papal elections, does not seem to think that people of other national backgrounds are qualified to run the Church."

Just War. "Some Catholics have argued that given the advent of nuclear weapons, there can no longer be a just war, and that pacifism can be the only Christian response. It is easy to argue such a position when the American nuclear umbrella keeps one out of a communist concentration camp."

Liberation Theology. "The only ones who are really liberated by liberation theology are the oppressive Third World governments who are liberated from taking responsibility for their own political and economic problems, since the gringo devil makes such a marvelous scapegoat." ■

Law

Keep Out

Another rebuff for newsmen

Any Baedeker of the nation's most wretched hoosegows would have to include Little Greystone, part of the Alameda County jail complex in Pleasanton, Calif. Once a model prison, that Kafkaesque wooden barracks has in the past decade or so become a cesspool of rapes, beatings and illnesses. A U.S. district court in 1972 declared conditions there a violation of the Constitution's ban on cruel and unusual punishment.

After a 1975 suicide at Little Greystone, the innovative San Francisco public television station KQED sent a reporter and a cameraman to film conditions there. County Sheriff Thomas Houchins turned them away. But after the station sued to gain entry, Houchins announced a program of regular monthly prison tours open to the public, including reporters. There were a few catches: no cameras, no tape recorders, no interviews with inmates and no access at all to the Little Greystone building. The station pressed its suit, and a federal district court ordered the sheriff to grant the press wider access.

Last week, however, in a decision that might have brought louder cries of protest from journalists had they not been so busy covering the Bakke ruling, the Supreme Court said that the press has no more First Amendment rights to enter a public facility than does any private citizen. "The right to receive ideas and information is not the issue," wrote Chief Justice Warren Burger. "The issue is a claimed special privilege of access which," the court went on, "is not essential to guar-



KQED News Director George Osterkamp
Does the press represent the public?

antee the freedom to communicate or publish."

The refusal to give the press unique access comes only four weeks after the court, in *Zurcher vs. Stanford Daily*, refused to grant journalists any special First Amendment protection from legal police searches. A few weeks before that, Burger declared in an opinion in another case that members of the press generally have no greater free speech rights than non-members. All this has convinced some journalists that the court is growing increasingly indifferent to the rights of the press. Says Jack Landau, director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press: "The court feels the press is arrogant and greedy and powerful enough

to get what it wants without help from the court. But most of the press is not the big, rich, influential media that the Justices see in Washington; and all those local reporters do need support from the court to do their job."

Well, what of the argument that the press enjoys no special privileges under the First Amendment? Says Professor Paul Bender of the University of Pennsylvania law school: "The pattern is not one of depriving the press of its rights, but of not giving the press extra things. The court is saying that once you have information you can publish it, but the government isn't obliged to let you have it."

In the KQED case, however, the court was sharply divided. Justice John Paul Stevens wrote a vigorous dissent, joined by Justices William Brennan and Lewis Powell, insisting that courts can give the press greater access to government information than the public if the press alone requests it. The three felt that Sheriff Houchins did not provide sufficient access for either the press or the public. Justice Potter Stewart voted against KQED because he found the lower court's injunction too broad, but wrote a separate opinion that contained one shaft of sunlight for journalists: to have the same effective access to a public facility as the general public, he asserted, reporters should be allowed to bring along their cameras and other tools of the trade. The lawyer for KQED, figuring that Stewart would have sided with them had they won a narrower ruling from the district court, says they will try again to breach the walls of Little Greystone. Says KQED News Director George Osterkamp: "The court seems to be refusing to agree that the press represents the public." ■

Time Essay

Camus: Normal Virtues in Abnormal Times

On Jan. 4, 1960, on a road southeast of Paris, a car lurched out of control and crashed into a tree. The driver and two of his passengers were injured; the fourth was killed instantly. When news of the tragedy emerged, the only appropriate word was one that the dead man had made famous: absurd.

For more than two decades, Albert Camus had been the lyricist of the absurd, a condition, he wrote, "born of the confrontation between the human call and the unreasonable silence of the world." To fill that silence, he wrote essays and fiction that have become part of the century's testament. His climb from obscurity was rapid: the poor North African upbringing was obscured by the Parisian celebrity. Book followed book, honor followed prize until, at 44, he was awarded the Nobel. Even those who had never read Camus became familiar with the chain-smoking figure in a trench coat, fatefully evocative of Bogart and Yves Montand. Much was made of his celebrated statement that in a purposeless world the only vital question was one of suicide. His novels *The Stranger* and *The Fall* describe souls out of touch with a moral landscape. *The Plague* watches townspeople succumb to a literal and spiritual disease. It is small wonder that at his death Camus seemed the spokesman of despairing existentialism, a cinematic figure as doom-ridden as any of his characters.

The portrait endures like a retinal image after the lights are turned off, at once romantic and classical: the artist as stoic. It lacks only one component—truth. As two newly reissued volumes show, Camus was not a mourner of the human condition but its celebrant. The two-volume *Notebooks* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich: \$3.95 each) follow the writer from 1935 to 1951 and neatly cleave the legend from the man. In the process they show why his formal works are as pertinent as the day they were written, a world ago.

The very first entry has an astonishingly religious tone for an unbeliever: "For rich people, the sky is just an extra, a gift of nature. The poor, on the other hand, can see it as it really is: an infinite grace."

In the mid-30s, he writes a note that might have been minted for the Me Decade: "The Cult of the Self presupposes either optimism or a dilettante's attitude toward life. Both nonsense. Do not select a life, but make the one you have stretch out."

An observation that antedates Woody Allen by a generation: "Not only is there no solution but there aren't even any problems."

Of course there were problems—

philosophical, psychological and physical. Camus, afflicted by tuberculosis, struggled merely to survive. "Illness is a covenant," he writes, "which has its rule, its austerity, its silences, and its inspirations."

Soon afterward, that covenant was invaded by the chaos of Nazi occupation. The hero of the French underground says little of his hazardous wartime activities. After the fall of France, he takes time for a note of Proustian sensuality: "Every



Albert Camus in Paris, 1957

Neatly cleave the legend from the man.

year, the young girls come into flower on the beaches. They have only one season. The following year, they are replaced by other flower-like faces which, the previous season, still belonged to little girls. For the man who looks at them, they are yearly waves whose weight and splendor break into foam over the yellow sand." The minutes stolen for reflection concern the values of action vs. creation: "I ought not to have written, if the world were clear, art would not exist."

But the postwar epoch was not clear and the artist continued to compose. His underground newspaper was called *Combat*. That might have served as the subtitle for all of Camus's work. He tried the Communist Party and found it guilty of

hypocrisy. He refused to endorse extremist positions on either side of the Algerian struggle for independence. "I must condemn a terrorism which strikes blindly in the streets . . ." he declared, "and which one day might strike my mother or my family. I believe in justice but I will defend my mother before justice." The famous phrase caused Camus to be mocked for 20 years by leftist intellectuals who uncritically backed the Algerian revolutionaries. He broke with his friend Jean-Paul Sartre when the philosopher tried to suppress news of Stalin's *gulag*.

Given this pugilistic stance, this unwillingness to cut his conscience to fit the reigning Paris fashions, it is not surprising that Camus became a figure of global controversy. It was a difficult role to assume, he struggled with it until his death, aware that any political or artistic statement would be distorted. "One never says a quarter of what one knows," he confessed. "Otherwise all would collapse. How little one says, and they are already screaming." Even posthumously the man was not safe. In the '60s the *New York Times* listed him as one of seven heroes of the New Left, a pantheon figure alongside Che Guevara, Herbert Marcuse and Frantz Fanon. The assumption was clear: had Camus lived he would have joined the students on the barricades. But if the dead can be enlisted in any battalion, the facts cannot be commemorated properly. Camus ought to be seen not as a statue but as a man, as flawed as his fellows. His loyalty to France, for example, could blind his foresight. "America," he declared in 1952, "is the land of the atomic bomb." When an American critic, Lionel Abel, countered, "You'll have one here, too, as soon as France can afford it," Camus confidently replied, "Never."

He found "nothing less excusable than war and the appeal to national hatreds." But he added: "Once war has come, it is both cowardly and useless to try to stand on one side under the pretext that one is not responsible."

His essays are often contradictory or downright muddy: "Man, at bottom, is not entirely guilty, since he did not begin history, nor entirely innocent, since he continues it." Nor, despite lifelong claims and yearnings, was Camus a true philosopher with an organized system of thought. But he is frequently something more valuable: a reliable witness. Observes Critic Wilfrid Sheed: "Like Thomas Aquinas, who 'saw' something just before his death that made all his writings seem like straw," men like Albert Camus "seem to have 'seen something' which makes a good deal, anyway."

seem like straw . . . What they had seen was terrorism, and it made even literature seem comparatively trivial."

It is this quality that gives Camus a solar power in times of cant and moral squalor. Unlike his fellow anticolonialists, Camus was never willing to issue a license to kill. Of rebel atrocities he writes: "The truth, alas, is that part of French opinion vaguely holds that the Arabs have in a way earned the right to slaughter and mutilate, while another part is willing to justify in a way all excesses. To justify himself, each relies on the other's crime. But that is a casuistry of blood, and it strikes me that an intellectual cannot become involved in it, unless he takes up arms himself . . .

On the matter of vicarious violence, he speaks of the 1956 Hungarian uprising in terms that have a chilling contemporary application: "I am not one of those who long for people to take up arms again in an uprising doomed to be crushed under the eyes of an international society that will spare neither applause nor virtuous tears before returning to their slippers like foothold enthusiasts on Saturday evening after a big game. There are already too many dead in the stadium."

Camus's literary works have never gone out of print, but his message has often been muted or ignored. Until now. In America he is a part of the curriculum on almost every campus, even in France, where he was almost pathologically rejected by Sartre's followers. He is being rehabilitated. Says Historian Christian Jambet, 29, whose analysis of revolution, *L'Ange*, has become a modern classic: "Camus was saying that those who demand liberty and who then kill are no longer worthy of being loved. It is a message that is important to us today." Agrees New Philosopher Jean-Marie Benoist, 36: "You have several Camus. You have the Camus who was a guru for the left in the '50s, and you have the philosopher. As to the Camus who was the leftist, he at least had the lucidity to be aware of the Soviet concentration camps. The Camus who is the most near us now is the Camus who said he will denounce tyranny and fascism not only when it is on the extreme right but also when it is on the extreme left. Camus is coming back into relevance because of his ethical point of view. The current views on human rights are very much in debt to Camus's approach."

This revival has its haunting implications. In his truest and most tragic self-analysis, Camus notes, "My whole work is ironic." True, because he always places fact alongside theory to dramatize the distance between humane ideals and human failure. Tragic, because he also confesses: "The sole effort of my life was to live the life of a normal man." A generation after his death, Albert Camus's *Notebooks* continually show that the "normal" virtues of courage, of decency, of uncompromising accuracy are, in fact, as vulnerable as great writers—and as rare as great writing.

—Stefan Kanfer



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Art



Lovers, 1974: Fleeting impressions altered by a single touch

Images of Metamorphosis

Mary Frank's sculptures transform bodies into landscape

Mary Frank's is an art of subject matter. And its basic subject—the sensation of inhabiting a body whose surface is enveloped by air, water or earth—is put before us allusively. In the exhibition of some 140 works that runs through the summer at the Neuberger Museum in Purchase, N.Y., most of the pieces are figures or heads. But they are complex, swathed in images of metamorphosis. One of Frank's recurrent themes from classical mythology is that of Daphne, the daughter of a river god; pursued by an amorous Apollo, she turned into a laurel tree to protect herself. The elements of that myth—eroticism, physical change and an invocation of the antique past—pervade Mary Frank's work as a whole. Bodies become landscape, human anatomy wavers into that of animal or plant, and the structure of flesh undergoes a sort of fossilization. Her aim is to recomplicate sculpture: to make objects that cannot be taken at a glance, that demand thought and gradual digestion.

This process begins with Frank's preferred material, clay. Her larger recumbent figures, like *Lovers, 1974*, are pieced together from a dozen separate elements, each made of a clay sheet fired in the kiln. The manipulated sheet, rather than the solid lump, is the basis of her formal syntax. The clay can be molded. It sags in pleats and thick drapes. It can be rapidly scratched, poked and cut. It retains an air of spontaneity, for Frank knows where to leave a shape before it loses its sketchlike character. Harder sculptural materials, like wood, metal or stone, connote resistance and planned decision. But clay accepts fleeting impressions, and incorporating these into sculpture is very much the purpose of Mary Frank's art.

But there is something more to her

use of clay than the immediacy and malleability of the raw material. As the show's guest curator, Hayden Herrera, points out in her warmly sympathetic catalogue essay, clay is "the oldest material for art and an emphatically primitive, even primal substance." (The first sculpture of a man, as every reader of *Genesis* knows,



Moving Woman II, 1976

The cult of the antique fragment.

was made from clay when God modeled Adam.) Clay is earth, and Frank's figures of sprawling nudes and entwined lovers, tenderly dislocated, are clearly meant to be seen as emanations of the earth, concretions of place and appetite. On occasion her liking for the organic goes too far. She has a habit of incrusting the skin of the figures with artsy-craftsy fern patterns and other vegetable décor, to their detriment. But her references to an archaeological past are almost always successful. The biscuity surface of the sprawling bodies alludes, though not blatantly, to the plaster corpses of Pompeii, just as the division into parts refers to the cult of the antique fragment—a hand here, a fragment of leg there, a split face.

It is possible to make a long list of Frank's sources and assimilations. The splayed, unideal awkwardness of the figures, and the way they appear half buried in the ground, can be traced to Degas's bronzes. The softly modeled, bulbous heads with their almost genital mouths come straight out of Picasso in the early '30s, as does the sense of cubist rotation; and so forth. But such a catalogue would not take account of Frank's originality. That resides in her talent, perhaps unrivaled among sculptors of her generation, for creating icons of touch, for making apparent the feelings of the body through sculptural form. She is a completely erotic sculptor. Nearly everything in the flow of her forms, their smoothness, their open disjunctions, their oneiric self-sufficiency, partakes of sexual feeling. It does so without a trace of violence or condescension.

Born in London in 1933, the only child of a painter named Eleanore Lockspeier, Mary Frank came to New York during World War II. At 17, she married the photographer Robert Frank. Although she had no formal training as a sculptor, she did study drawing in Manhattan during the '50s under Hans Hofmann, the doyen of abstract expressionist teachers. More important for her work, however, was a stint as a dance student with Martha Graham: the sense of significant gesture in Graham's choreography does seem to have affected the movement of Frank's own sculptures. The best of them possess the unfolding completeness of dance. Her work, in fact, is an ambitious metaphor illustrating the continuity between intelligence and sensation, between mind and body, between body and the world it inhabits. Because these continuities are not everyone's property (and never have been), one might see Mary Frank as a kind of archaic fabulist, spinning myths about a lost Arcadia of the senses. But the quality of her work disputes that. For all her mannerisms, her sculptures leave the viewer with an exemplary confidence of feeling, an authenticity rare in sculpture today.

—Robert Hughes

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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Genuine Vodka**

Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from premium 100% grain • 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

Cinema

Easy Shot

THE CHEAP DETECTIVE
Directed by Robert Moore
Screenplay by Neil Simon



Peter Falk in *The Cheap Detective*

To risk an inappropriate word for so commercial an enterprise. *The Cheap Detective* is the spiritual rather than the direct sequel to *Murder by Death*, which did so nicely at the box office two summers ago. That film had the same writer, same producer, same director, even some of the same cast as *Detective*. Most important, the two movies share the notion that a charming pastiche of a beloved popular cultural form can turn a tidy profit in the nostalgia market. *Murder* aped the murderer-among-the-house-guests mystery story. *The Cheap Detective* jokes around with ... with ... well, the Humphrey Bogart movie.

As main ingredients, Neil Simon has boldly blended *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca*, adding some finely chopped bits from *The Big Sleep* and *To Have and Have Not*. He was shrewd enough to realize that it was not the story lines of his sources that gave them their hold on our affections. Bogart's incisive, ironic characterization of the urban loner, the Hemingwayish dialogue and the *film noir* look that gave Warner Bros. films their unique quality in the '40s, the forcefulness of the studio's stable of character actors—all of these elements combined to create a style that is the real target for a would-be satirist.

Alas, the picture does not come off because execution does not match concep-

tion. Simon's literary palette is as lacking in delicate hues as Director Moore's visual one. It is bold to plunk Rick's cafe down in Sam Spade's San Francisco. It is even mildly funny to have Victor Laszlo require his wife's old lover to help him get not letters of transit so he can escape the Nazis but a liquor license so he can open a French restaurant in Oakland. But when the song that reminds Rick of his lost love (*As Time Goes By* in the original) turns out to be *Jeepers, Creepers*, one can't help thinking that Simon has too readily granted himself letters of transit to cross the frontier that separates wit from juvenile haw-hawing.

Director Moore tries to disguise the laziness of Simon's effort with a quick-step pace, but Peter Falk, although he does a good imitation of Bogart's snarly lisp, tends to give the game away by resting on that modest achievement. Few of the other "all-stars" do much more than trace a broad Crayola line around familiar types. *The Cheap Detective* offers a few snorts of recognition and a basically good-natured air. But frankly, they did this sort of thing just as well, and a lot more quickly, on the *Carol Burnett Show*. Don't even mention Sid Caesar's old program.

—Richard Schickel

Duck Soup

CONVOY
Directed by Sam Peckinpah
Screenplay by B.W.L. Norton

Convoy, which seems to be Sam Peckinpah's uncalled-for remake of *Smokey and the Bandit*, is roughly as much fun as a ride on the New Jersey Turnpike with the windows open. It not only numbs the brain but also pollutes the senses. Though Peckinpah has made a distressingly high number of turkeys in

recent years, his new effort is surely in a class by itself. This time the director doesn't even bother to reward his hardcore fans with some gratuitous violence or mean-spirited sex.

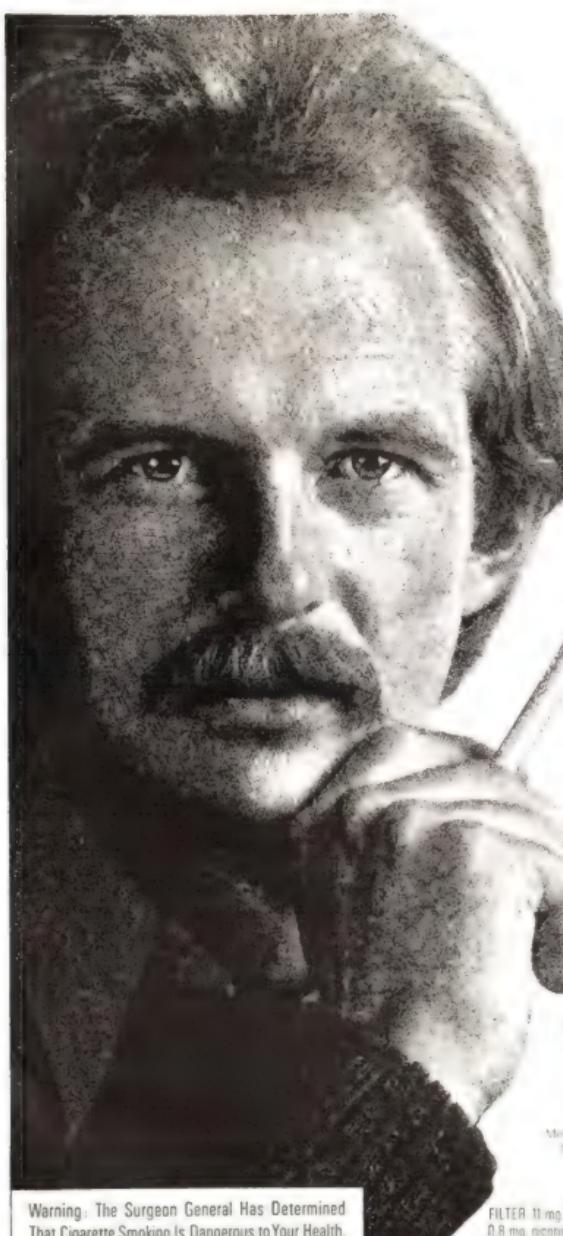
Kris Kristofferson, a fine actor who has worked well with Peckinpah previously, plays the starring role of Rubber Duck, a laconic, independent trucker who leads a convoy of fellow drivers on an endless protest trek across the American Southwest. He is a typical Peckinpah hero, a macho embodiment of oldtime frontier values. Early on he hitches up with a Peckinpah heroine—a bitchy, citizen-photographer who is hungry for a Real Man. For some reason, Ali MacGraw has emerged from unofficial retirement to play this demeaning role. Peckinpah shows his gratitude by shooting her synthetic facial expressions in humiliating closeups.

Convoy's script, based on C.W. McCall's bestselling pop song, rarely flirts with logic. The dialogue, which is glutted with CB-radio slang and western-movie clichés, ranges from the absurd to the sub-literate. We never understand why Rubber Duck's nemesis (the congenitally irate Ernest Borgnine) is after him or what the truckers' grievances are. What's worse, we don't care. Next to this muddled-headed film, *F.I.S.T.* starts to look like a dynamic political manifesto. Peckinpah tries to enliven the nonsense with slow-motion automotive stunts and barroom brawls, but these signature sequences just do not have the energy of the director's best work (*The Wild Bunch*, *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*) or even his worst (*The Killer Elite*, *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*). At one point the film's hero announces that "the purpose of the convoy is to keep moving"; maybe so, but if *Convoy* has any purpose, forward movement is not it.

—Frank Rich



Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw and the trucks of Peckinpah's *Convoy*
A surprising absence of gratuitous violence and mean-spirited sex.



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Books



Summer Reading

Novels, stories and nonfiction to be taken to beaches, mountains and hammocks

CHESAPEAKE

by James A. Michener

Random House, 865 pages, \$12.95

Another blockbuster from the maker of *Hawaii*, *Centennial* and *Iberia*. Once again the reader receives good value, at roughly 1 1/4¢ per page, in a succession of *tableaux*, more or less vivants. Each represents a scene from the social history of Chesapeake Bay.

James Michener's virtue is a powerful sense of place and the ability to convey great sweeps of time. His weakness is an insistence on covering murals with so much background and foreground that he has learned only a few ways of doing fæces. One expression represents nobility, and another fills in the crowd scenes. Penitiquod, the Susquehanna Indian whose migration to the Chesapeake Bay's eastern shore in 1583 begins the new novel is later seen as Cudjo, the rebellious slave. He reappears as George Washington, who visits the bay area after the Revolution, and then as Onk-or, the wise and valiant old Canada goose. There is nothing wrong with bringing George Washington or a goose onstage, but the author should make the two distinguishable.

Still, if the little lives of individual people sputter too briefly for careful notice, clan characteristics do take on recognizable shape. There are the Steeds, wealthy Catholic landowners, tending to be intellectual; the Paxmores, steadfast Quaker shipbuilders; the Ceters, solid, intelligent descendants of Cudjo; and the Turlocks, swamp trotters and poachers. Their in-

terlocking fortunes and catastrophes never quite qualify for the terms "gripping" or "absorbing," but they are consistently diverting. Therein lies the author's secret: an attraction that lies not so much in the story as in a serene detachment from the story. The reader gets a four-century vacation on Olympus.

This god's-eye view tends to blur more than it clarifies. "English settlement came somewhat later than depicted," says an exasperating prefatory note to *Chesapeake*, which also mentions that Steed and Turlock are invented names. "but it did occur at a spot only 23 miles to the north." Fiction with heavy doses of reality and reportage is not precisely history; history in which the names and places are not quite right is not yet fiction. Falling between two schools, *Chesapeake* is less than some of its parts, an agreeable, disposable epic destined for the summer beach, the fall bestseller lists and the winter rummage sale.

RAJ: A SCRAPBOOK OF BRITISH INDIA, 1877-1947
by Charles Allen
St. Martin's Press, 142 pages, \$12.95

The perfect airplane book should distract during long, tedious hours of bad food and crying babies without absorbing so completely that the reader forgets to pray for a smooth landing. If, in addition, it whets the appetite for faraway places, the summertime traveler has the perfect prelude to vacation reading.

Take Charles Allen's *Raj*. With scant

but incisive text, Allen offers a glimpse into the lush, complex maze that formed the life of India's British colonizers. It was a special world, formed equally of privilege and paranoia, isolation and insolence, duty and death. There was wasteful "organized slaughter" of wild game, rituals that combined the best and worst of East and West, and a false sense that the Empire would outlast the Indian hunger for independence.

The tale is best told in the more than 200 illustrations culled from scrapbooks, catalogues and official papers. No words can evoke the power of empire as starkly as a photograph of hundreds of servants lined up on the lawn of Government House in Bombay, or the Viceroy and Vicereine enthroned on an elephant. It was such ostentation that moved the Prince of Wales, Edward VIII, to remark that he had never known what royalty meant until cosseted there on a state visit. Here, too, are soldiers carrying guns to church and bending down to show medals to a Kiplingesque child who would soon be shipped "home" for long, lonely years of proper English education. The claustrophobic social structure of the Raj, with its orders of precedence and calling cards, takes on new life when the reader sees the instructions to guests at a vice-regal reception. "The wearing of gloves by ladies at Dinner Parties at Belvedere this year will be optional owing to gloves being difficult to obtain as a result of the war." A beautifully designed book, its pleasures are in the detail—engaging and haunting visions of a dreamlike time.

Books



Gabriel García Márquez

INNOCENT ERÉNDIRA AND OTHER STORIES by Gabriel García Márquez Harper & Row; 183 pages; \$8.95

The long title story in this collection is a brutal Cinderella tale with no fairy godmother. It is a narrative about decay, greed and delusions of grandeur. It is also about innocence in the sense that García Márquez's fictional villains and victims are guileless in their evil.

The author's voice, finely tuned in English by Translator Gregory Rabassa, carries the now familiar and unmistakable intonations. "She picked up a feather fan and began to fan the implacable matron, who recited the list of nighttime orders to her as she sank into sleep.

"Iron all the clothes before you go to bed so you can sleep with a clear conscience."

"Yes, Grandmother."

"Check the clothes closets carefully, because moths get hungrier on windy nights."

"Yes, Grandmother."

"With the time you have left, take the flowers out into the courtyard so they can get a breath of air."

"Yes, Grandmother."

"And feed the ostrich."

Poor Eréndira, in household bondage to a monstrous crone tattered up, tattooed and lost in "the swamps of the past." The girl's life worsens after she accidentally burns the house down. The old lady hits the road with Eréndira in tow as an itinerant prostitute.

There is a prince charming of sorts whose actions free the girl, but there is no conventional happy ending. Eréndira and her supporting cast belong to the world of legend that García Márquez Yonkapatawphaized out of the Colombian landscape in his lengthy masterpiece *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1970). But the short story is not a form that can adequately contain his distinctive magic, which requires proliferations of exotic plots, flowering images and familial tangles.

Nearly all of the remaining stories in the collection were written during the late '40s and early '50s, when the author, now 50, seems to have been under the influence of Joyce and Kafka. Exhaustion, ap-

athy, despair and death are the principal themes. It would have been difficult to predict from these early efforts the García Márquez who is one of Latin America's leading novelists.

HOW I GOT TO BE PERFECT

by Jean Kerr
Doubleday; 288 pages; \$8.95

Author Jean Kerr emerged as a popular humorist in the late 1950s, when the U.S. was in thrall to togetherness. Doris Day's celluloid virginity and the beckoning greenward of suburbia. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (1957) and two later collections of essays treated these and other national preoccupations comically but gently. She did not topple idols but admired them from a safe distance. Her pose was that of the indefatigable but bumbling striver, chirping away about her supposed inability to stage a dinner party, cope with supernaturally wisecracking children or conform to the feminine image conveyed in glossy women's maga-



Jean Kerr

zines. If any malice was in her, she kept it out of her prose.

Only six new essays are included in this collection of vintage Kerr, and they are very much of a mellow piece with her earlier work. A few things have changed. Her children have grown up, so she discusses the many ways in which they fail as visitors: "Your A-1 house guest does not usually bring along his dirty laundry." She has more time on her hands, so she has been able to acquire and then kick an addiction to TV soap operas: "In my experience, the only thing you can quit cold turkey is cold turkey." She notes how hard it is for parents to write newsy letters to their mature offspring: "It's too bad that the kid isn't interested in your bronchitis or the fact that the Chevy broke down on the Triborough Bridge and had to be towed home. But he isn't."

The early ones serve as painless reminders of the way we were before women's lib, the sexual revolution, Viet Nam and Watergate. But Kerr's later work is disquieting because it goes on as if none of these things had happened. A little malice, at least, now seems to be the order of the day.

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Books

ACTS OF LOVE

by Elia Kazan

Knopf: 436 pages; \$9.95

She turned in the seat, pulled up her baby-blue skirt and offered two perfect pink buns. In the dark, they glowed like night flowers." Such high school imagery, unavailable in bookstores everywhere since Elia Kazan's last work, *The Understudy*, is now on display in his latest novel, *Acts of Love*. The sex is by the numbers, the philosophy has not yet graduated to the sophomoric, the characters are displayed in all their two dimensions, and the narrative is in overdrive all the way.

The acts of love are performed by Ethel Laffey, a half-repressed voluntary who spends a good deal of time in the percales, principally with Greeks, among them vulgarian Businessman Petros Kalikanis and Naval Officer Teddy Aivaliotis, whom she marries. Among other Sunday adventures, she is assaulted by her husband's mad father Costa. Kazan, a director of note (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Viva Zapata*, *America America*) tends to write scenarios rather than novels. That might be acceptable except for the fact that his dramatis personae seem to be created for the viewer rather than the reader. Still, the novelist's ear for Greco-American intonations is uncanny, and his destructive bitch goddess is so lethal that her comeupance deserves the kind of cheers villains received when they were foiled in the last acts of Victorian melodramas. Neither they nor *Acts of Love* should be mistaken for Greek tragedy.

MARA

by Tova Reich

Farrar Straus & Giroux:

250 pages: \$8.95

Mara, the rabbi's daughter, is an antic rebel. Bribed back to New York from Israel, where she distinguished herself by disco dancing and hobnobbing with the arty underground, she and her beloved Sudah, an Egyptian-Israeli artist cum hippie cum pacifist, spend days assembling highly unorthodox outfits for their Orthodox wedding. Mara's veil is an old tea-stained lace tablecloth that



Tova Reich

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Books

gets caught on her steel-rimmed glasses; Sudah is resplendent in a black velvet suit, cape and top hat. First Novelist Tova Reich's glancing Swiftian wit never flags. She introduces one Rabbi Leon Lieb, who owns a chain of nursing homes and uses cajolery, threats and his-and-her fox cloaks as he obsessively tries to transform his son-in-law into a proper husband. But the newlyweds insist on going their own comic way: secreting a poet's mad mother in one of the nursing homes, serving as interior decorators to a psychotherapist who conducts his sessions in coffins. When Sudah renounces art for yoga, embracing celibacy as well, Mara is demoted from wife to sister. Disgruntled, she continues to work on her magnum opus, a series of short stories on the theme: "How I Lost My Virginity"; they form a memorable stand-up comedy within Reich's acid comedy.

OPTIONS: A PERSONAL EXPEDITION THROUGH THE SEXUAL FRONTIER
by Marcia Seligson
Random House, 290 pages: \$8.95

How can a troubled Easterner write about the wide-open sex scene of California? Entertainingly Marcia Seligson knows the tribal beliefs: monogamy and jealousy are bad; self-enrichment, looking for space and living with the authentic flow of the moment are dynamite. She has also taken the trouble to learn psychobabble, the indigenous tongue. "Guys are good, heads are bad," she writes. "You may never start a sentence with 'I think' ... If you begin with 'I feel' you can get away with atrocities." Group-sex enthusiasts seem to spend so much time and energy in pouty encounters that Seligson comes to feel like an anthropologist listening to aborigines debate the possible function of an eggbeater. Still, she may have tarried too long among the Californicators. At one point she wonders: "How do I even know if I'm having a successful sex life?" Though most of the book depicts surfer-stewardess relationships among muddled narcissists, Seligson concludes that the "valiant gropings" of her subjects are truly heroic. She cannot join the free spirits herself, because demon jealousy still haunts her. But she says, "I'll be rootin' and cheerin' for them. From the sidelines."

HITLER'S SPIES
by David Kahn
Macmillan, 671 pages: \$16.95

For the Third Reich, military intelligence was a contradiction in terms. If the Germans had a few brilliant successes, their World War II flops and snafus were incessant and eventually fatal. They stole drawings, for example, of the Americans' highly successful Norden bombsight—but were unable to manufacture and install it. Hitler decided to in-

vade Russia with no real knowledge of the Soviet economy or military machine (the Germans were unaware of the existence of the T-34, the war's best tank, and never quite believed that D-day would occur at Normandy). Lack of undercover information did not matter greatly when the German armies were advancing through Europe. But after 1944 it was literally a matter of life and death, because intelligence is essentially a defensive game.

As David Kahn, author of the highly regarded study of cryptology, *The Codebreakers*, compellingly proves, espionage is the realistic assessment of possibilities, and Hitler, in whom all power centered, was a charismatic leader, not a realist. Like sharks, such leaders prosper only when they move constantly forward. To stand still, basking in certainty, is to drown.

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Final Payments. *Mary Gordon* • Shosha. *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • The Execution of Mayor Yin. *Chen Ja-hsi* • The Left-Handed Woman. *Peter Handke* • The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse, edited by Kingsley Amis • The World According to Garp. *John Irving*

NONFICTION: A Place for Noah. *Josh Greenfield* • Families. *Jane Howard* Look Who's Talking. *Emily Hahn* Russian Thinkers. *Isaiah Berlin* Samuel Beckett. *Deirdre Bair* The Gulag Archipelago III. *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Scrapes*. *Kranitz* (3 last week)
2. *Stained Glass*. *Buckley* (5)
3. *The Holcroft Covenant*. *Laudium* (1)
4. *Bloodline*. *Sheldon* (2)
5. *The World According to Garp*. *Irving* (7)
6. *The Human Factor*. *Greene* (4)
7. *The Thorn Birds*. *McCullough* (6)
8. *The Last Convertible*. *Myers* (8)
9. *Lye of the Needle*. *Follett*
10. *Evergreen*. *Plain* (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Book of Running*. *Fixx* (2)
2. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries*—What Am I Doing in the Pits? *Bonnieck* (1)
3. *Pulling Your Own Strings*. *Dyer* (4)
4. *My Mother/ My Self*. *Friday* (3)
5. *RN* The Memoirs of Richard Nixon. *Nixon* (5)
6. *Running and Being*. *Sheehan* (6)
7. *Gnomes*. *Huygen & Poerwitz* (8)
8. *Metropolitan Life*. *Lebowitz* (7)
9. *The Amityville Horror*. *Anthon*
10. *A Time for Truth*. *Simon*

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Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Trying to Be Wise Three Times a Week

The judgment of one's peers is often the toughest there is. So it is with the Washington press corps. Five graduate students at American University have interviewed more than a hundred members of the press corps on how they rate their colleagues. In the *Washingtonian* magazine, some of the press corps' views on Washington's star journalists are pretty devastating:

Most overrated: James Reston. Most respected: David Broder. Least respected: Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. Most pretentious: Joseph Kraft. Most thoughtful: Richard Strout and John Osborne of the *New Republic*. Most predictable: Patrick Buchanan and Tom Wicker.

Scotty Reston of the *New York Times* overrated? This seems a melancholy assessment to those many who have long regarded him as Washington's ablest journalist—the role model of an aggressive competitor and fair reporter, with great sources, literate style and Calvinist integrity. The *Washingtonian* quotes one Reston colleague: "His problem is over-access. He gets to see people others can't see and he believes them and blows their horn." But surely, to be able to quote Carter's or Kissinger's private comment accurately is to provide valuable information. Reston's real problem is that like most other columnists, he writes too often. On the

ers: "The truth is you're afraid to be wrong. And so you put on these airs and use these established phrases ... You cannot be right by holding your breath and taking precautions."

Nowadays, in many major newspapers, a Washington columnist can't even count on appearing regularly. Michael Gartner, editor of the *Des Moines Register*, subscribes to "a passel of them" and pays but \$25 a week for Kraft, \$20 apiece for Broder, George F. Will and Mary McGrory. He does not always run the columns he receives and often prints only three or four of their "most important paragraphs." Other editors feel bound to run a writer's column completely or not at all, but they too pick and choose. "You get a little flak from older readers who want to read the same columnists every time," says Edwin Guthman, editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "but we pick the four best things every day. One of the problems is that so many write about the same thing." Adds Anthony Day, editorial page editor of the *Los Angeles Times*: "We go by interest and topicality, not by name."

Editors often have their enthusiasms—the literate George F. Will is one among newer columnists—as well as particular grievances. The vigor of a columnist's views doesn't trouble them, since with an avoidance of judgment



Reston Broder Evans Novak Kraft Strout Osborne Buchanan Wicker

days when he has nothing special to say, his complacent commentaries suggest a comfortable Virginia squire more than someone in touch with agonizing concerns.

To call Joe Kraft pretentious, in a capital that also contains Marvin Kalb of CBS, is surprising. Ambitious might be a better word for the hard-working Kraft. He aspires to be as wide-ranging as Walter Lippmann once was but lacks Lippmann's rumbling, reflective authority. He gets around as Lippmann never did. Kraft can dispose of Jerry Brown one day, the Federal Reserve or neutron bomb the next, argue in another column that Carter follows "a policy of divine misguidance" (he has from the beginning condescended to Carter), then emplane to the Horn of Africa to see things for himself. Kraft talks to everybody and is well informed, but his judgments are made on the wing and are frequently undeserving of such certitude. David Broder, the "most respected" of reporters, confines himself to the U.S. political scene he knows so well and mines so thoroughly.

The Washington press corps seems unduly hard on today's columnists ("A few are fine writers, but none are great thinkers"), harder than are the editors I've talked to around the country. But by their own new choosiness about whom and what they publish, editors are in effect recognizing, and ratifying, the decline of the Washington columnist.

In the heyday of the Washington column, Lippmann embodied the word pundit. He made colossal misjudgments but never lacked audacity. As a young man, back in 1915, he defined his craft ("You are just a puzzled man making notes about what you think") and admonished political writ-

ers that they call being open-minded, editors now seek for their pages a "broad spectrum" of attitudes. But they are wary of prejudicial opinions in the guise of reporting and most often cite Evans and Novak. The *Los Angeles Times* (whose own Washington bureau is highly regarded by the Washington press corps) dropped Evans and Novak because, in Editor Day's words, "we want to be responsible for the authenticity of things presented as fact." In Carter country, Editor Hal Gulliver of the Atlanta *Constitution* dropped William Safire for ignoring fact and truth while writing constantly in "the context of convoluted conspiracy."

It may be that the very Washington columnists who have enthusiastically chronicled the diminution of public trust in Congress and the presidency are themselves suffering from the current animus toward Washington-knows-best. More charitably, editors don't think that any Washington columnist, no matter how energetic and wise, can be knowledgeable and reflective on important matters three times a week. So for their Op-Ed pages, editors now look around for speeches or articles by specialists to cover many subjects. "The Washington column is over the hill a little bit," the *Chicago Tribune's* editor Clayton Kirkpatrick believes. "The world is more complex, the issues are more varied. Mark Sullivan used to write fundamentally about politics, but that was before politics became so embedded in science, in economics, in sociology."

It's not that journalism is no longer capable of growing giants, but that giants can't cover all the territory any more.



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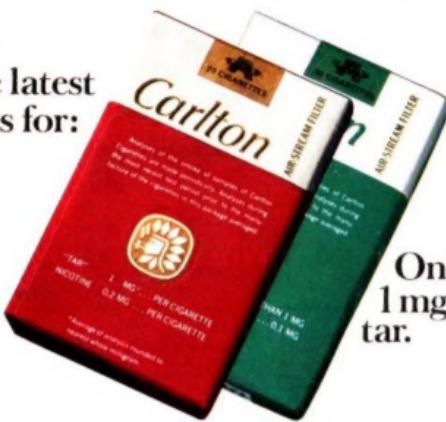
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